WANLEY PENSON;

OR,

THE MELANCHOLY MAN:

MISCELLANEOUS HISTORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Oft by yon wood, now fmiling as in fcorn, Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove; Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn, Or craz'd with care, or crofs'd in hopeless love.

At length he rests upon the lap of earth;
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And MELANCHOLY mark'd him for her own.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

LONDON:
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1792.

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THE

MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART V.

PENSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

Briftol.

What then! is the reward of virtue bread?

I HAVE very little opinion, Bountly, of that doctrine, whether delivered by the poet, the priest, or the philosopher, which teaches that virtue (by which I would be understood here to mean the act of doing good) is a kind of bartering with Providence for an equivalent to be returned in some worldly happiness.—'Tis a doctrine sit only to wheedle a child with,

Vol. II. B whose

whose ideas can comprehend nothing more sublime than a tinsel coat, or a tinkling play-thing.—'Tis a doctrine that debases the virtue into the character of a usurer, who aids his friend but in the expectation of a gainful return. Whereas this virtue reckons not on a return, but possesses its full reward in the moment it is exercised.

"What nothing earthly gives, or can bestow,

" Is virtue's prize,"-

Yet, notwithstanding the little credit I give this doctrine, which human life in general evinces to be deduced only from imaginary principles—yet, I say, for a particular, I am this day an instance that Providence sometimes rewards an act of humanity in specie, if I may be allowed the term.

But in fuch a case how indulgent is the Parent of the world! even like a fond mother, who gives a spoiled child trenchermoney to eat its dinner. For what is it we do when we relieve distress, but satisfy an

The foul's calm funfhine, and the heart-felt glow,

breasts at the sight of human misery?

This morning, after breakfast, Mr. D—'s servant opened the door of the parlour, where I happened to be sitting alone; and announcing a gentleman, who wished to speak with me, retired.

The gentleman on the instant entered with a kind of blunt air.

"Hoy! master Penson," said he; "where are ye?—Ho! you are master Penson, I suppose."

" My name is Penson, Sir."

"Well well—bring to—bring to; no yawing d'ye see—look here—"

And so saying he took a chair and satdown; beckoning me to do the same.—I did so.

He looked at me very seriously; and though his aspect was rather of the rough kind, yet there was a tint of good nature evidently blended in the shades of his countenance.

"May I be favoured with the knowledge of your commands, Sir?" Hedrewhis chair almost close to my knees.

"Why look ye now, my lad," faid he; according to my reckoning, d'ye fee, I think you fail in too high latitudes; and if an old feaman has any judgment in the matter, the shrouds of your topmast are so slack that your look-outs never mount them."

"Sir," faid I, " you must pardon me,

but I don't comprehend you."

"Like enough, like enough," faid he; and peering over a book I held in my hand—" Ha!" continued he, "what book hast got there?"

"The Fool of Quality, Sir."

"The fool what—what is it about?"

"Why, Sir, it is the history of an imaginary character, whose manners, as here described, being opposite to the maxims of the world, the author has entitled his hero a fool—well knowing there were those that would, if he did not."

"Ah! like enough; an honest hearted fellow, a seaman, 'tis like?—But didst ever read that book before?"

Sir."

"Like enough," said he: " and didst thou read there of an honest simple sellow, who sent a large venture out in a rotten bottom; and when he heard 'twas lost, e'en went to the sea side, and cast in gold for luck?"

"I never read any fuch thing, Sir."

"Ha! How! what sail without a chart?

A venturous fellow 'faith!—Gi' me thy hand, my lad."

"'Tis at your command, Sir; but—I really do not understand you."

"No!—But thee shalt though.—Thee didst lend one Carvile some cash. He was a rogue; but I am appointed to settle his debts.—There's what he borrow'd of thee like a knave, and what thou (don't be angry with me, my lad) lentest him like a fool."

" Sir !"

"No matter, no matter. I love a fool to my foul. We feamen are all fools in B 2

the opinion of the land-lubbers, because we help our friends in the first instance, and restect upon the most prudent method of doing it afterwards: whilst a lubberly landman puts his hand in his pocket, and takes out a guinea—then restects, puts it in again, and pulls out a half-crown—restects again—then puts it in, and pulls out a shilling—and so continues to dip and hesitate, till at length with a deal of importance he drops a half-penny into the hat of an old battered acquaintance."

The old feaman's fentiments, Bountly, were so congenial with my own, that I in voluntarily squeezed his hand, he having familiarly taken mine while he was last speaking.

The fignal was not annoticed. The feaman's eyes glistened. He returned my squeeze in a hearty shake.

"Art a seaman, lad?" said he hastily, and gazing eagerly at me—"Art a seaman?"—But suddenly recollecting himself, "No

"No matter, no matter," faid he; "thou hast got an honest seaman's soul: but look here; here is a bill to the value of Carvile's debt.—That's well; but that's nothing: Moll has told meall, Herdebt I can't pay, but by loving thee; nor so neither; for that's only a quit-rent for't. I love Moll," continued he; "she's my sister's daughter: I must take the poor thing in tow; she has been beating about sadly. That Carvile was always a knave. He was my father's servant; and, by his false tongue, some how, sound means to overhaul my sister.

"My father never would speak to either of them after; but I interceded so far as at length to get some money from him to set 'em a going in the way you knew 'em in; and they might have done tolerably, had he not been too crasty to gain considence, and too sull of projects to profit by any. My sister has been dead some years; and the rascal, sull of a savourite scheme, clapped

up a marriage, unknown to any of the family, between his daughter and a fool of a fellow, whose cash he wanted to have the direction of. This induced our whole family to renounce him quite. His fool of a fon-in-law I find, foon killed himself a drinking, but spent the greatest part of his money first; and Carvile's schemes miscarrying, he it feems has absconded: fo I found at my return to England, from whence I have been absent some time, my poor niece adrift without oars or ballast, and no provision but what thy good heart afforded her; for which relief I, as well as fhe, am under an eternal obligation to thee; for Moll is still my fister's child, though she had a rogue to her father."

"Sir," said I, "what I did for your niece merits no acknowledgment; as it was only the effect of an impulse, which to comply with, did pleasure to myself."

"No slipping of cable, boy," said he; that shan't do,—thee and I must be bet-

ter acquainted. If thee wert my own boy, how would I glory in thee!"

I fighed involuntarily.

"I believe not," faid I: "did you know me, I am conscious you would have more to blame than applaud in me."

"Pshaw!" said he, "what'st think Ican't take an observation? Why I'd procure thee the command of the first ship in the navy."

"You fancy I have obliged you," I replied; "and you speak the warm language of gratitude: but even your expression convinces me that you would alter your opinion of me, were you but acquainted with me.—What would you say of a son in whom you wished to glory, who had no ambition for any thing called glory?"

"What the Devil! How now!"

"Even fo, Sir: the world methinks contains nothing that can stimulate ambition in my bosom,"

" Split

"Split my blocks! Why, where now? I am out of foundings!"

I interrupted his exclamations, and he repeated them till, at length, by little and little, he drew from me the principal incidents of my short life, as an apology for my present sentiments.

"Well," faid he, " and what's all this to mope about?-Mere every-day luck !-We are all subject to storms; and if we are wrecked, we must swim for't, not fold our arms and be drowned. Drown, indeed! drown puppies. Why, if thee hast lost a fortune, get another-the world's wide enough, and there are fools enough in it to encourage the attempt. Thee hast lost a fifter, and found her again, and loft her again-queer enough to be fure-and fad enough too; for she was got pretty deep into thy hold it feems: but what of that? I know what 'tis to lose a sister, and a good one too; for I have loft more than one, withwithout the hope of finding 'em again. Thee hast lost also a father and mother—Splice! why so have all the folks in the world, except God and the Devil. But then thee hast lost a pretty wench—that's bad to be sure. I was melancholy myself for three days, when my sweetheart, Nelly Trig, died; but I got over it, dost see. Zounds! what weep for a wench seven years, so many pretty ones as there are still lest behind!---'Tis out of reason---thee art wrong; begin a fresh reckoning, man. Not like the world, indeed! Why 'tis as good for thee as it was for thy father; is it not?"

I was about to interrupt him; for, though his manner made me smile, I was somehow picqued, that he so superficially scanned my sentiments; yea, in fact miscalculated them: for, in my discourse with him, I had advanced only to this amount, that though an event in which my affections were interested might have too much, perhaps, let down the natural tenor of my ideas,

yet the common disappointments and vicisfitudes of life were sufficient to convince a reflective mind, that it were more the part of a rational being to observe the bustle of the world, than to thrust amidst its confusion: but he prevented me---

" Avast," said he, " and let me give thee a piece of advice--- Don't be too squeamish. Why, if a feaman was to confider too nicely what that is composed of which he eats, why he'd starve himself in the midst of plenty; for 'tis almost impossible to avoid having fometimes a grub in the pot. And the same holds good in life; we must take it as 'tis---we may scrutinize its faults till our stomachs heave at its pleasures. We may refine fo much, as to be unfit for our stations as men---Dost hear me, my lad? thy mind has loft its digeftion: every thing remains on it: thence it becomes overcharged, and (as the doctor told me once after I had been ill of a fever) it requires fome gentle stimulants. Now dost mind me?

me? I have proof that if thou delightest in any thing, 'tis in acts of generosity: but these thou canst, in thy present circumstances, indulge only on a narrow scale; whereas, wouldst thou but put out in life a little, a thousand to one but thy talents would soon procure thee a fortune; and then what sea room would thy good-nature have to work in!—Come, come, brace up man! What'st say, ha?"

This, my Bountly, was delivered with fuch a tone, and fuch a countenance of good nature, that I could not but feel its force, though my heart recoiled at its tendency: it prevailed on me so that I forgot my pique; I even forgot what I had intended to object, and only thus replied, conscious that though his conception of things was less abstracted than mine, it was better suited to the gross of human life.

"I acknowledge," faid I, "that it would be an unhappiness, as well for the individual as for the world in general, if the many

many viewed things in the light I view them in. I believe my mind is in some degree (perhaps a great one) debilitated. But how is it to be restored to its pristine vigour? and till that can be done, how can I follow your advice? You may tell a man with tender eyes not to suffer the tear to fall when the north wind blows in them; but you speak in vain, unless you strengthen the nerve, and—

He interrupted me; "Avast," said he:
"I would not tell him any such thing;
but I'd tell him to tack about, and let the
wind blow in his poop. Splice it! Tears
and north winds indeed! Why, I tell thee;
thee must turn tail to all that, and steer forward to new fortune."

"Sir," faid I, "I will not be fo unnatural as to fay my present mode of thinking is immediately inspired by grief still existing for an object long since lost. Now Grief is a passion too violent to be of long duration; but probably, by nature formed

There

too fusceptible, untoward circumstances once gave my mind that turn which, by too long indulgence, perhaps is now grown habitual to it. I will not pretend to justify myself; yet though I cannot relish the enjoyments of the generality of mankind, I have, notwithstanding, enjoyments to which probably that generality are strangers. A man having lost one fense has the remaining frequently in greater perfection. This I can aver, that those pleasures (though they are but few) which I can enjoy, I enjoy with a most exquisite relish. But the incentive whereby you would urge me out of my quiescence (though I allow the acquisition of wealth, for fuch a generous purpose, to be a powerful. one)-you will pardon me, but it has not its intended effect on me: for, if considered nicely, what would the acquirement of riches, even for such a benevolent intent. amount to more than this, to oppress with one hand, and relieve with the other?

There are indeed various vocations in the world in which a man may do decently by fair means, so that he ever keep company with suspicion as his guard against imposture: but who, fave from necessity, would be bound to a companion fo illiberal, without hope of being enabled ever to enlarge himself? And to amass a hasty fortune, one must submit to meannesses still more degrading, even to the taking every advantage that may offer. This the world thinks fair; but I think cruel.-To fay I take only that advantage which another would if I did not, is no justification of my fault, but a charge of injustice brought against the whole species of man; an impeachment, which, in my own behalf, I will never lay myfelf under the necessity of making while I have a competence for myself, and an honest mite for the distressed. With regard to the love you blame me for, I acknowledge I have a sufficient acquaintance with the human heart to know

it is transferable. The existence of an excess of affection for a deceased object, to the exclusion of all living ones, through a life of forty or fifty years, is only to be met with in romances.—Yes, Sir, I acknowledge it transferable; I feel too sensibly it is so; but I am sensible also that its purest effusion is now mixed with sad remembrances. In short, I am sensible I possess not that which can merit a return from the only object to whom it can possibly be transferred."

The old captain was all attention while I spoke: his looks occasionally evincing his dislike or approbation. When I had ceased—

"Splice it," faid he, "but thou hast an odd method of boxing thy compass; and though I can't wish all the world like thee, yet thee dost cast up thyself so cleverly, that I wish there were more of thy draught than there are; they would be to the world what the magnetic needle is to the Yol. II. C mariner,

mariner, which, though inactive itself, discovers to him his variations, and the rhumb upon which he is sailing. And split me, since I know thee art out in some of thy bearings, if I ben't glad to hear that love is again haling thee to, on t'other tack. Let it—'twill shift thy ballast—ha, boy? and we shall see thee right again 'fore' tis long. Say old Captain Brudenell said so."

A thought struck me here, Bountlybut I will not anticipate.

"Brudenell, Sir!" faid I; "pray have you any knowledge of the Brudenells of G---?"

"Knowledge! do I know my own ship, dost think? Why, Clement was my brother; he is dead: and I have now only one brother living, an old bachelor like myself. Clement has left a daughter behind him: we shall do well for her between us. I intend in a few weeks to go see her. She was a sweet wench once: I hope she e'n't spoilt. Splice me, if she is, old Jack will find another mooring for his freightage.

But

But dost thee know any thing of these Brudenells, then, my lad?"

"Sir," faid I, rifing and taking his hand, "I had the pleasure of knowing your worthy brother, and I have now the additional pleasure of knowing the uncle of the most deserving young lady in the world."

"Which, what young lady?" replied he, with quickness—" a Carvile, or a Brude-nell?"

" Miss Sylvia Brudenell, Sir."

"Sylvia! ah," faid he, "that is her name. But that is not she, is it?" continued he, peering in my face with an eye shrewdly inquisitive.

I believe I looked confounded; however I replied as calm as possible—" Sir, I beg your pardon—I have not the presumption—my ideas are humbler."

"I'm forry for't," faid he, "that's all. Thee hast odd notions of things, 'tis true; but Sylvia and thee would not have made a bad match, for she used to have odd notions too. Last time I saw her, 'twas at Sifter Bell's, at Haverford; she tried forfooth to make it out that a confcientious man could not be a soldier. A jade! I knew where she was driving, because I bear a commission in the navy-not conscientious indeed! But there, thee wast not far off the same calculation thyself just now: -faplings both-but ye'll know better 'fore ye have cast as many reckonings as I have; though, by the way, dost fee, however I may act myself, I am better pleased to fee young folks fteer too close, than yaw the devil knows where; and, in fact, I have always loved Sylvy the better for not running on a line with the common fleet of fools. Gi' me the man that on occasion is obstinate enough to hold his own steerage. Though, dost mind me, I could wish that thine was held a leetle less tight. But however, as 'tis, I love thee; and I wish Captain Brudenell may never have a worse man for

for his kinfman, that's all; and no harm, I hope, neither."

I thanked him for his candour; and foon after he departed, full of expressions of gratitude for what I had done for his kinswoman, having first engaged me to dine with him to-morrow; and which indeed he found no great difficulty to do, averse as I am to the cultivation of new acquaintance; for thou wilt observe, by my unusual openness to him, that there was something about him which let him within my habitual closeness.

Methinks I feel my mind uncommonly light on this rencounter; and more causes than one perhaps could be assigned for it. But, I believe, the principal one is, my having discovered here a soul whose sirst tones are in unison with my own, though some of the inferior ones may a little disagree. Another cause may be, that fortune for once seems to savour me; and, what is more, has rewarded me for what the

world would call a foolish act. Who, though he dare not repine at the frowns of Providence, but feels himself happy in its fmiles?—And perhaps there is yet another cause-shall I investigate it?-'tis irksome to do so: yet may not one be permitted a pleasurable sensation, on a conviction that one is agreeable to those to whom one would wish to be agreeable? One would not wish to disgust, Bountly. Well, then, perhaps, a great cause of my present cheerfulness (if any emotion of my breast can deferve that name) is, that I have acquired, by a blind cast, the good opinion of Miss Brudenell's uncle. But what then? What will this avail me? Can I take an advantage of it?-No, I cannot, my Bountly, be so felfish. Say, I love Miss Brudenell; and fay too, for the fake of the conclusion, that she has a regard for me: shall I evince my affection, and requite her efteem, by doing her an injury? Shall I, who. were it in my power, would raise her to a throne.

throne, and to happiness, shall I fink her in pensiveness and obscurity? No.-Yet to feek an alliance with her, what were it but to do this? Fortune has placed her in a fuperior station; I can fink ber, but she cannot raise me. Besides, am I not conscious (as I have before hinted to thee) that my most ardent affections will henceforward be tinctured with melancholy. Can it be otherwise, long taught, as I have been, by experience, to expect viciffitudes in the midst of enjoyments. Who then could be happy with fuch a companion? No, Bountly, my refolution is taken; though the meeting with this bluntly honest navigator will detain me, probably, a few days longer in Bristol than I intended. But 'tis little odds to me where I am.

Adieu,

W. WANLEY PENSON.

To

throng and to hangledie.

PENSON to his Friend BOUNTLY.

Briftol.

EVERY thing relative to human life is chequered with good and evil. I fee nothing but I find in it something to admire, and something to regret.

Some of the inftitutions of Moravianism I am pleased with; others are, in my opinion, worthy abolition.

They have choir bouses, as they call them, a kind of nunneries, where their single women live together under the care of a matron. These single sisters, as they term them, take no vow, nor are under any thing more than a voluntary restraint, being at liberty to quit the sisterhood whenever they find themselves disinclined to comply with the rules of it.

This is an institution I am pleased with; and I should not be forry to hear there were many

many fuch houses established with proper regulations in this kingdom; as they would form happy asylums for the weaker sex, many of whom, for want of fuch places to take shelter in, are frequently exposed to the insidiousness and rapacity of an unfeeling world.

But I think, on the other hand, thefe people are too starched in matters of court-(hip and marriage.

Whatever fets itself against the course of nature, however plausible, I dislike. Wedlock first, and love after, is like building a house on props, and then laying the foundation; in which case, 'tis a hundred to one if the top do not flip out of square whilst the bottom is fearthing for. Wedlock should be the completion of love. But to begin with the completion! the phrase is abfurd; yet this must be the case with a pair who, till the wedding day, have never feen each other but at a distance, or delivered their fentiments to each other but through through the medium of a third person; or, at most, have been indulged but with a few formal interviews.

Besides, the absolute separation of the two fexes is certainly prejudicial to both. Nature formed each with a propenfity to the other; and that not merely for the propagation of the species, but for moral advantage; each fex having peculiarities, both of excellency and defect, evidently intended to work on and moderate each other. What could one conceive of a world of men, but as of a world totally harsh, haughty, and obstinate; or of a world of women, but as of a fet of beings, fubtle, timid, and mutable. But let them mix-the harshness of man loses its acrimony, his haughtiness mellows into magnanimity, and his obstinacy into a rational steadiness; whilst, by the same blending of qualities, woman's fubtlety polishes into address, her timidity meliorates into a becoming diffidence, and her mutability takes the

Thus, by intercourse, the sexes perfect each other's qualities, and become for each other rational companions. This certainly was the intention of nature.

But there is nothing, however well intended, but is subject to perversion.—
True—and this undeniably is the case in the familiarity of the sexes. But then, on the other hand, it is the fault of most who attempt to mend nature, to cramp it; and then it grows out, like children who, to mend their shape, are cramped in tight-laced stays: and I will venture to infer that the restraints of Moravianism sometimes afford corroborating proofs of this, though they may not be glaring enough to catch general attention.

Yet, after all, I do not know what could fecure the reputation of such places as these sisters bouses (to which I have only the objection of their being rendered almost inaccessible to man, yea quite so,

if he approach in the character of a lover), but such a kind of regulation that should in a great degree exclude the other sex.

When a reformation of any defect takes place in human policy, things generally advert to the opposite extreme. Britons, tired of lawless authority, threw it off in the reign of Charles the First; but, unhappily for themselves, threw off with it even necessary subordination. The reformers, difgusted with the superstitious rites of Rome, in their zeal for the reformation, rejected almost every institution in the lump, however laudable, that had the misfortune to be of Romish origin, or that had happened to have been peculiarly countenanced by the papal see. For this reason, religious bouses are (in England efpecially) held in a kind of abhorrence; and I know no protestants who have had the temerity to attempt (though many have acknowledged that fuch institutions, upon reformed principles, might be attended with

with fome advantages) to establish any thing of the kind, in our island, but these brethren; who admit none into these communities (not even children for instruction) but those of their own persuasion; and who have very properly abrogated the vow of celibacy, as too great an outrage against reason: in short, upon the whole, who have fo far improved upon an old exploded plan, and effected thereon a congreement betwixt religious zeal and natural propenfities, that, could they yet enlarge a little in some instances, such as the admission of children for instruction (for which the retirement and strict manners of these communities feem well adapted) - but especially could they hit on a method of conforming a little more with nature in the prelude to matrimony—their fingle fifters choir houses are what I could admire as a useful inftitution in civil fociety, confidering them as refuges for the fatherless and the friendless. and feclusions for those who, disgusted with the

the world, could no longer enjoy it, or render themselves serviceable to it.

Of their single brethrens houses, for such they also have, I cannot express myself so favourably. Man is not of so domestic a turn as woman—his disposition is less docile; besides, in general, he is not exposed, or rather not liable, to the temptations, dangers, and distress of the weaker sex, and consequently stands not in such need of an asylum: wherefore I cannot discover the utility of such an establishment; neither do I think it, in many respects (in this country at least), eligible.

They tell me there is a history of their fect foon to be published. I shall like to peruse it: for certainly one sees and hears enough among them to excite one's curiofity.

'Tis amazing what projects they are for ever planning and executing for the propagation of Christian ty among the Heathen, in all parts of the world. But nothing strikes

ftrikes me more than the maintenance of fubordination among them. I have before faid, that they have as many degrees in their priesthood (I believe more) as we have in the established church; and the reality of the fubordination of the different degrees is equally, if not more, evident. Whatever is determined at their fynods, which are frequently convoked, is submitted to without hesitation, alike in the frozen regions of Greenland, as in the fultry clime of the Indies. And a mandate from one of their bishops, though unattended with the least civil authority to coerce it, shall remove, on the aspiration of a trifling complaint against him, a minister from one end of the earth to the other, without the least objection on the part of the person removed, even though fuch a person, as is the case with some, have an independent fortune.

Man, considered in different points of view, appears a contradiction to himself.

Taken

Taken individually, what can be more eccentric and opinionated ?-but viewed collectively, or engaged in some pursuit, and what so readily submits to be governed? The art of governing then seems in a great measure to consist in a knack of inventing fomething adapted to the tafte of certain fets of men, in order to engage their attention: this all politicians have given occasional proofs of their being aware of .- Among these brethren, passive abedience appears to be a pervading principle: but what renders the principle effective is, the term divine direction on the one hand, and on the other, childlikeness. The first, the repeated deceptions practised in all ages will naturally lead one to suspect, and confequently to fmile at the latter.

Childlikeness, in the sense these people understand it, is undoubtedly a virtue. To the commands of God all his creatures ought to pay implicit obedience—but read his laws, and mark the difference 'twixt

God

God and man-rather than infift on implicit obedience, be ever evinces the justice. the reasonableness of his decrees, and feems to excite, while delivering them, the exercise of our faculties to bear testimony to his wisdom and goodness: whilst man, having faculties only in common with his fellows, arrogates that authority frequently over his equals, which God condescends not to exercise over his creatures -in iffuing commands unattended with the shadow of a reason. Hence, I think, we may conclude that implicit obedience is the doctrine of man; and whenever injunctions of this character are laid, however fanctioned with the facred name, they may fairly be concluded bis, and questioned accordingly. Nevertheless, this doctrine, though I could wish it never assumed a supernatural fanction, and which, after tracing it to its origin, one may be tempted to consider as an evil, seems among these people to effect a conspicuous Vol. II. virtue.

virtue, over and above the doubtful virtue of acquiescence, viz. harmony. Nor is it much to be wondered at; for since they believe their teachers to be influenced by the spirit of God, the people think they obey his decrees in their dictates; and who, with the least tincture of piety, would murmur at the appointments of Heaven?

This harmony, this tranquillity, and the love they appear to bear towards one another, and which is so visible on a slight acquaintance with them, is what I admire most of all in these people; and on this account I can pardon them a hundred little peculiarities.

A member of their community will be known among his brethren, travel whither he will: for, by their accounts (daily read in their focieties) from their fettlements in every part of the world, as well as by the frequent removal of their ministers from one place to another, even the common members pretty well know, not only most

of

of their settlements, with their buildings, situation, and extent, but frequently even the names of most of the inhabitants; by which means they are in a manner united all as one family, and enabled, if a stranger arrive among them, presently to discover if he be a brother; which when ascertained, they receive him not only with hospitality, but with hearty affection, and the most evident pleasure.

Men, for their fecurity, form themselves into large societies, into empires, and states; but, for their enjoyments, into smaller communities, into fraternities, and sects. And as the minds of men are various, ad infinitum, I think the more sects there are, the greater possibility there is for each man to find one suitable to his disposition, in which, and with whom, he can enjoy himself.

Philosophers are of opinion that all the planets which compose the solar system are formed of materials similar to those of our earth. But may not one reason closer, and inser that each separate planet is formed of such particles of matter, which, in their own nature, were heterogeneous to the particles that composed the other planets; and which, consequently, could unite with, or gravitate to, none but themselves; and that, were a piece of Saturn, or Jupiter, or even our Moon, detached, and brought down hither, it would sly off again by a natural antipathy, and seek its native sphere, where only it could connect itself?

These particles uniting form little epitomes of the general system; and though averse to an indistinct connection, yet mutually act upon and keep each other in due order; whilst one and all readily coincide with the general influence, and, instead of interrupting, complete, nay effect the general harmony: for were not these particles of heterogeneous matter suffered to form themselves into distinct bodies, may not one reasonably conclude that nature would

Now, as it is allowed to reason from the physical world to the moral, I consider a state or empire, in the moral world, as fimilar to fuch a compound system, which, in the natural, I have ventured a conjunction on; a system in which are a number of heterogeneous minds; at least heterogeneous in particulars, though they may agree in generals; but in which, nevertheless, as every mind has a natural tendency to fociality, each instinctively attaches itself to its nearest likeness, thereby forming bodies, every one diftinguishable by its own peculiarity. And, as to the inhabitants of Saturn their system undoubtedly, to their nearer view, appears more striking and of greater consequence than the general one, so the peculiarity of each distinct community possesses the attention of its individuals in a far greater degree, and appears to them of greater moment, than the general affairs of the state wherewith such community is con-D3 nected:

nected; even so much, that, provided their own system be not interrupted, they yield to the supreme influence peaceably and almost implicitly: wherefore I conclude that it tends equally to the tranquillity of a state, and the happiness of the individual, that all the different casts of men quietly associate, and form such connections wherein they can enjoy what appears to each the thing of worthiest moment; or, in other words, that which accords with the native bias of their minds, and consequently conduces to their contentment.

In short, that men should form themselves into states and kingdoms, I consider
as much the intention of nature, as that
planets should gyre into systems; and
equally as much so, that the former should
sub-connect into sects and communities, as
that the latter should form lesser systems
within the greater; and that that government which labours to counteract this associating propensity, labours to counteract

works its own disquiet: of this the history of nations is a sufficient proof.

For it is not so much from persuasion as disposition that men become sectaries. A man of any particular turn of mind (and who but has a bias more or less inclined?) is always unhappy till he meets with some of similar ideas, with whom his can coalesce.

The dry reasoner, who will allow you nothing but what you can win by syllogistic approaches, who will question even his own birthright rather than want a subject of debate, is formed by nature for a Presbyterian.

The prudifully precise, and the extremely frugal, or, in other words, the very circumspect and the very good managers, aptly fall into Quakerism.

The hero, who, not content with the conquest of man, would sain conquer the Devil; the coquette, whose ambition cannot be satisfied with earthly adulation; the lover, who, having discovered his mistress to be but a woman, aspires to an object of superior quality; and the debauchee, who wishes to regale on a feast without cloying his desires: in short, all those of high passions and warm imaginations, are ready, sooner or later, to commence Methodists.

Those, on the contrary, who have equally warm imaginations, but want the countenance to indulge them in an exposed situation—who like to enjoy themselves, rather snug in a corner—who with a rich suit of clothes would parade in their own room, but in the street would shoot along as though ashamed of them—who would sain do wonders, and leave mankind to wonder who did them—are formed to coalesce with Moravianism.

Whilst our churchmen are the beau monde: those who are too polite to trouble themselves with enquiries and calculations;

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but admit, as a reason the most cogent that can be offered, this short decision: "It is the fashion, Sir."

Indeed, an established religion, whether it be Lutheranism, Calvinism, or Episcopacy, will soon dwindle into a no religion; for, though it may retain many serious adherents, yet those who contemn all religion in their hearts, or who disgrace all by their lives (which, I think, I am justified by common observation in saying, are the major part of every known empire), and who of consequence, either falling in with no sect, or, being resused of all, necessarily remain on the establishment, must stamp on any established religion the character of inconsistency and no meaning.

But we are not hence to conclude that there is a fault in the principles of established religions, or that their doctrines are only calculated for those who will not give themselves leisure to restect?—No—Perhaps there are no doctrines that will

bear a closer investigation than those of our established church; and yet I have observed that a dissenter can generally put down a churchman in argument—and why? Because the latter, conscious perhaps that be has nothing to fear from adverse opinion who is supported by power, has accustomed himself to take every thing on trust, and neglected to acquire information.

This reflection almost tempts me, Bountly, to venture here a wish, that there was no such thing as an establishment, but that every pastor should rely on the voluntary adherence and support of his slock. We should see then our church sourish in reality over its opponents: at least I am consident, from the metamorphosis which would then take place among the clergy, that we should see its members a wifer, if not a better people—a people able to give an account of their faith, if they did not reduce it into practice.

But, on comparing consequences, this too would be attended with evil. I should make a bad reformer; for though, on one view, I might fancy I could point out where an amendment could be made; yet, on a second, I always find it more feasible to apologise for a seeming imperfection, than justify an alteration of it. This then being the general result of my enquiries, to what purpose are they made? thou wilt say. My answer is—to exercise my rusty faculties, and amuse my friend.

—As to any other design, it is prevented by a conviction that the world is already too much botched to be mended by me.

Adieu.

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W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

Briftol.

BOUNTLY, I have written thee lately a deal about that oddly reported sect, the United Bretbren. Why I have done so I have already explained. 'Tis true, I originally intended only to have given thee such sketches of their peculiarities as might have enabled thee to form an idea of their real character: but in attempting this, I have been led to resect on subjects that never before occurred to me, and which beguiled my unpractised faculties into prolixity and desultoriness: nor can I promise an amendment of this fault in suture, as I really cannot be aware of the occasion till after I have slipt away by it.

But why do I apologize to thee?

Thou tellest me thou art pleased that I

suf-

fuffer my mind to expand on a variety of fubjects; and that, without objecting to the method of conveyance, thou art amused with the information I convey thee. This (not to mention the strength I find my mind gradually acquire by the exercise of its sunction) sufficiently stimulates me to proceed.

I have already told thee of some things I approve among these brethren, and of others I disapprove: but I have now something to remark, that I both like and dislike at the same time; and that is their behaviour to those who, having been once connected with them, have (to use their own phrase) proved unfaithful.

Such they treat with a coolness, an indifference bordering on contempt, whatever claims such may have as men on their humanity.

This I approve, as it evinces they have no secrets which they are fearful of having divulged, notwithstanding that privacy of manner,

manner, I have before hinted at, as one of their characteristics. - And this I disapprove, because, in case such person be an object in diffress, it manifests a want of fenfibility, and leads me to conclude that the brotherly love, apparently fo alive among them, is rather a spark directed by the breath of enthuliasm, than the real glow of affection; for a man once my brother is my brother always; and though I may disapprove his conduct, I must ever feel for his distress. Indeed, Bountly, I am inclined to think that what we call enthusiasm is a contractor of the mind, something that dulls the finer feelings of the human heart, as gazing on a too bright object renders the eye incapable of delicate inspection.

But I'll tell thee how I came to make this observation.

A man in a mean garb, but which, though decayed, indicated that it had seen better days, was introduced yesterday to Mr.

Mr. D-, whilft he and I were fitting together: for, on account, I believe, of some one of the causes I some time since supposed, Mr. D-has so far received me into his good graces as quite to lay aside ceremony with me. Now as Mr. D- appears naturally, and more especially towards those of his own persuasion, a kind, friendly man, I could not but the more remark his behaviour to this stranger, which was abrupt almost to a breach of common decorum.

The man, it feems, had come fome few days before from the north, where he had been connected with these people: but was now no longer owned by them.

He had been, I found, with Mr. Dbefore; and now came to inform him that he should be under the necessity of trying to return to the north again; for that (though it appeared he was a native of these parts) he was disappointed in his hopes of getting work in or near his own

parish;

parish; and that the parish, to apply to which had brought him from the north, had refused to relieve him. Wherefore, though to return to the north would be returning to a place from whence he could derive no hope, and liable as he was through his extreme poverty to perish by the way, yet he must attempt it, unless some of his brethren would be so kind as to find him some employment, and so prevent what in fact would be but an act of desperation; and that in that case he would submit to the meanest drudgery.

To this indirect petition Mr. D—gave an abrupt refusal; telling him he deserved no such favour at the hands of him or his brethren.

The man then in a more direct manner begged Mr. D—, would give him a line to certify, to his acquaintance in the north, what was the real reason of his returning among them; namely, that 'twas not the consequence of effrontery, but necessity;

as he really could not find employment in the parts he had removed to in search of it.

This too, without fostening the negative, Mr. D—absolutely refused; telling him he had brought all his troubles on himfelf, and must himself get out of them.

To this the poor man replied with a hearty acknowledgment of his faults; but continued to represent his present distress in the most moving complaints.

Mr. D— cut him short with a repetition that, be his distress what it would, it was of his own seeking.—" Besides," said he, "even now, would you be but advised, and leave your bawling boy in the workhouse, you would get rid of one half of it."

This feemed fadly to wound the poor fellow.—" Indeed, indeed," replied he, "I cannot. I am forry I must be obstinate; but, leave my poor boy! indeed I cannot."—And so he retired with the countenance of utter dejection.

VOL. II.

Employment indeed! Why how, Bountly, should a man with his aspect get employment?——The visage of melancholy, the consequence of deep distress, may extort the donation of a few halfpence from mankind, by working on the same principle that would induce them to pay a scavenger to remove something that excites disagreeable sensations: but to employ it, to have it under their eye!—No, Bountly.

A fellow with the countenance of jollity, whose mind is easy enough to lay itself out for the diversion of his employers, is only likely, maugre our humanity, to edge himself into patronage. But he whose countenance is the escutcheon of adversity—poor fellow! must the marks of his distress then be an obstacle to his procuring relief from it?—How pitiable!

These reflections, Bountly, rushed over me as the wretched man retired.

He had been gone two minutes. I rofe with

with a trifling excuse, and followed him. I soon saw him, and presently came up with him. Methought he looked still more dejected.—" I have no hope lest," seemed to be imprinted on his countenance in legible characters.

I looked hard at him, and made as though I intended to pass him. He made me a bow of recognizance, but immediately took his eyes off me, as though he had something that demanded his attention more than any object then around him.

Bountly, I know what a monopolizer of attention is grief.

I stopt.

"And so you are really going to the north of England, are you?" said I.

"There, or any where, fir," faid he;

"But if your boy can be taken care of, why will you burthen yourself with him, when you may be relieved of him?"

"O fir!" faid he, "were you a father!

The poor thing is but four years old.—It lost its mother, and I the best of wives, about five weeks since. It has only me in the world to take notice of him; and it tears my heart to think of parting with him, especially to leave him in a workhouse. Were you only to witness how he sobs, and clings round my knees, when I am only leaving him for a few hours; how he begs me at my return not to leave him again; you would not wonder at my reluctance to part with him. But I am wretched indeed, and I in some fort deserve it."

"Where is your boy, my friend?" faid I.

"At the house of a poor kinswoman," he replied, "about a mile from this city."

" Are you now going thither?"

" Yes, fir."

"Will you give me leave to accom-

The man eyed me with an eye of furprise and doubt, and hestatingly pronounced—"Yes, sir, if you choose it." We jogged on the state of the

"Your distress appears accumulated," faid I: "would it be disagreeable to you to inform me how it became so?"

"Truly," said he, "my distress arises from having acted contrary to the advice of those who wished me well; and the consequence is, that they now leave me to struggle with my calamity unassisted: but what hurts me most of all is, their not wouchsafing me in my, extremity even the favour of their countenance.

this city; but have lived for many years in the north of England, where I was fettled in a pretty way, in helping to carry on a manufactory there established by the brethran, with whom I suppose, by your being at Mr. D—'s, you are not unacquainted. I was caressed by them, and lived in peace and prosperity: but at length I happened to make an intimacy with a young woman not of their society; and whom,

in short, because she had such qualifications as attracted my affection, I married contrary to their advice.

"By this means I was no longer admitted a member of their community: for whoever belongs to them must be led by them, and be faithful in all things.

"However, as I lived very orderly, and as my wife was a discreet, moral woman, I was, after a while, on importuning for it, readmitted among them, which was a great pleasure to me: for as they were people I liked, and had been so long used to, I was quite out of my element in being out of their connection.

"Nevertheless, though I was re-admitted, I believe I never possessed their confidence to the degree I did before. This frequently set me to reasoning; and I sometimes found myself inclined to self-justification.

"I should have told you that, during the time of my exclusion, I had engaged in business thort) some considerable time after having been re-admitted, as an opportunity offered, I was inclined to enter on a larger scale than I had hitherto. On this I consulted my brethren. They advised meagainst it, because my capital was but small, and they were fearful that the credit of the society might be injured through me, as they did not think it likely I could succeed.—In consequence of this dissussion, I forbore for a time. But the prospect that opened to me was so tempting, that at last, in defiance of advice, I ventured.

"For a while things prospered with me: but presently the markets fell; and I, having a greater stock on hand than was proportioned to the capital whereby it was managed, was obliged to fell at a great loss."

"I could not make my returns. I grew dejected; and as my brethren rather blamed than confoled me, I indulged myself, as a substitute for other consolation, too often in a cheering glass.

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"My excesses reached the knowledge of my brethren, and I was again turned out from among them.

"I was about this time obliged to fell every thing I had to pay my creditors, and henceforward to work as a journeyman for mylivelihood. Forthough, when I had made the most of every thing, I was still much in debt, yet no one hitherto was so unkind as to molest my person.

"But, as work grew scarce, I experienced great distress; and as my behaviour had disgraced my brethren, they treated me with a total disregard. Yet I should not, after all, have left the north, where there was a much greater likelihood of my procuring a comfortable sustenance than any where else, but for an unlucky circumstance.

"Passing a lane one evening, in the dusk, in the village adjoining that wherein I lived, I saw the son of one of my creditors standing, with two or three other boys, all about sourteen or sisteen years of age,

on the fide of the way, at a little distance from where I was to pass.

"I moved on unconcerned. I had just bought a two-penny loaf, and a pennyworth of milk, and was carrying them home for the supper of my wife, my child, and myself. I had laid out all the money I had; and was comforting myfelf with the thought that, gloomy as my prospects were, I had however for this evening fecured a competence: when fuddenly a rope, laid across the way by these boys, rose between my legs; and, taking me at unawares, threw me down. My loaf tumbled into the kennel, my milk was spilt, and my dish broken; my wife and child at home, starving; and I, now, nothing to relieve them .- My prudence forfook me: I arose, followed the boys, and unluckily overtaking my creditor's fon, gave him two or three trimming strokes, and then went home with a heart truly dejected.

"When I came home, how was my grief

increased to find my wife in excruciating pains, and my little boy crying by her !— I called in a neighbouring woman.—My wife was with child; her pains terminated in a premature delivery; and before the morning my wife, my poor Nelly, was a corpse.

"The woman who attended, begged a little money for her interment, which we were under the necessity of performing the second day after.

"I had just returned from the scanty funeral, and had flung myself, with my boy in my arms, on the poor pallet where my Nelly breathed her last; when the woman I mentioned before, came in, in a violent bustle, and told me that Mr. C——, the creditor whose son I had beaten, had sued out a writ against me, and put it into the hands of a man in the next village, whose wise had just whispered it to her, that it would certainly be served on me next morning. The cause struck me immediately; but the imprudence was committed: committed: and I knew it was in vain to hope that the interference of my brethren would stop the first torrent of Mr C——'s resentment, could I have engaged them to attempt it; which I had not the courage to try to do, as I was conscious my conduct had already disgusted them, and now was likely to make them a common talk.

"Imagine now, fir, what was my fituation. No friend to comfort or advife; my wife fuddenly fnatched from me, and I as fuddenly to be fnatched from my poor friendless child, and cast into a prison, where I could do nothing for its relief.—'Twas too much.—I started; and packing up a few rags (the whole, indeed, I had to pack) I took my boy in my arms, and set off without considering whither to go.

"I bent my steps southward, and at every town I passed asked employment: but whether people disliked my appearance, or what else, I know not, but none could I get; though I saw others could, even where

where I had been refused: so that I began to consider myself as a Cain on whom Heaven had set a mark of its displeasure. A little charity however served to keep me from starving. Wearied out with perpetual vagrancy, I resolved to approach my native place, in hopes there I should find some who would countenance me, though in indigence, or that my parish would put me in some method of sustaining myself.

I can get no kind of employment, nor will the parish assist me farther than by taking my boy from me; whilst that which completes my wretchedness is, that gaining courage, from a despair of every other means of relief, to beg my brethren in these parts to procure on my behalf the interference of my brethren in the north with Mr. C—, I have met with an utter refusal, and that in terms that cut me to the heart. Yet it was but what I expected, and nothing more than I have deserved: for I have been wise in my own conceit; and.

and, O my heart! perhaps I am so still.

I would not be obstinate, but I cannot forsake my poor boy—indeed I cannot."

We were now arrived at the door of a cottage, which the man opened. Just opposite the door fat a child on the ground, with its arms folded on a stool, and its head reclined on them, fighing most piteously. But on hearing the door open, and shut again, it looked round; and feeing my poor diftreffed man, flarted up, and flying to him, clung round his knees; crying, in an agony of grief, "O my daddy-my daddy-Dickey die-Dickey will die, if daddy leave him more."-Then quitting its hold, it turned away; and, wringing its little hands, cried most bitterly, exclaiming in broken accents, "Dickey's mammy dead, Dickey's daddygone-Oh! Dickey'sdaddyleave him -leave him'die, leave Dickeydie." A moment after, turning again, it fell on itsknees, and embracing its father's legs, looked up in his face with an aspect more persuasive than all language; and, whilst the sob disjointed its lisping prayer, cried, "Dear daddy, don't leave Dickey more—carry him back, and put him in the cossin with mamny; but don't leave him more."

O Bountly! hadft thou-had Mr. Dbut feen my poor man's looks at this moment—the tear trickling filently down his funk cheeks, as he raifed his kneeling child from the ground, to press it to his bosomand the bare acquiescence, "Never, never," (the whole reply he could make to the concluding petition of his boy) iffuing with a figh from his quivering lip! But the paroxyim of the moment abating, he turned towards me.—Sympathy, I believe, was portrayed on my countenance. "Are you a father?" he cried. "Oh could you then, could you-" He stopt: I understood the import of his aspiration, but could only find utterance to reply in his own words, "No, never, never."

However, after a pause of a sew minutes, recollecting myself, I desired my distressed man to remain where he was till he heard from me again; and, putting on an old board a little silver for present relief, I retired, leaving him mingling his tears with those of his poor boy, whom he continued to fold in his arms, and whose cheek was reclined against his disconsolate father's.

All men, Bountly, feel for themselves: few feel for others; few substitute themselves in the place of their neighbours, in order to judge either of their actions or their sufferings.

I have seen a man who, when groaning with the rheumatism, would have thought it the height of cruelty in any one to have passed bis complaint without commiseration; and who yet was no sooner a little easy, but he would vent the most farcastic jokes on a person writhing with the colic.

My friend Mr. D—, had he but a moment substituted himself, in idea, in the place place of the poor north-country man, never could have blamed his affection for his boy. There are certain weaknesses in human nature which render it amiable: but these, like the shades in a picture, are reckoned blemishes by the unskilful observer.

Captain Brudenell, though not perhaps fo strict a liver as Mr. D—, has a heart more susceptible; a heart not so totally attracted by things beyond the sphere of humanity. To him I repaired from my distressed stranger.

I had visited the captain twice since the interview I recounted in a former letter. His increasing heartiness had won more and more my confidence. I repaired to his lodgings therefore now, without hesitation, and ascended the staircase that led to his apartment without ceremony: but hearing the warbling of a female voice, I halted at the door, and distinguished the following lines sung in a most tender cadence:

Whilst on my breast my babe reclines,
Its sighs my trembling heartstrings rend;
Whilst round my neck it fondly twines,
Its infant smiles my woes suspend.
Yes, yes, sweet babe! from thee
Derive at once my bliss and misery.
A tear!—oh me!—how is my heart distrest!
A kiss—and mammy's blest!"

Happy presage! thought I, as I turned the lock. What a melting introduction to my embassy! If the captain be but within hearing, I need but hint my suit, to gain his assistance.

I entered.—The captain was fitting in a great chair, smoking his pipe; and his niece (Carvile's daughter, whom I have had occasion to mention before) standing by the window, fondling her pretty babe.

We were no strangers. On my entrance the babe crowed at me; and the grateful mother ran and put it chuckling into my arms. I wanted not this to stimulate me to plead for parental tenderness.

Vol. II.

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I fat down with the child in my arms, and told my business to the captain.—
He heard me with emotion.—When I had barely concluded—" Avast, my lad," faid he, smalhing his pipe in the fire-place, and starting from his feat—" avast five minutes:" and away he hurried.

He presently returned, rubbing his hands in high satisfaction.—" I've done it, my boy !" faid he-" I've done it !--At the first house in the city," continued he-" an old acquaintance of mine—only to carry parcels, and fo forth; the poor fellow will get a comfortable maintenance.-Part company indeed! blaft the thought!-Why I'd fink the best be in christendom that should attempt to part my swab of a niece, there, and her bantling.—But here—here's fomething for a little grog; go lighten the poor fellow's heart.—Split my blocks! I fay, part company too !- Why I believe there's ne'er an honest fellow among all the land lubbers but thyfelf, my lad; and I wifh

with thee wasn't quite so ticklish, that's all. But go, go."

I took a hasty leave, and returned to my poor distressed man, who the same afternoon was initiated into a means of getting a tolerable subsistence, without parting from his poor Dick.

Thus propitiously, my friend, did Providence smile on my endeavours to render a service to a sellow-creature; indeed, since I came to Bristol, I have enjoyed its countenance to a degree which, withoutaltering my ideas, has however dispelled something of that gloom, which, like the effects of the close air of a vault on vegetation, gave them their "pale cast."

Captain Brudenell has just been with me. He informs me he has just received a letter from Hampstead, from his niece Miss Brudenell, congratulating him (in answer to one he sent her with the information of his being in Bristol) on his arrival in England; and inviting herself, as he did not mention an intention of leaving Bristol hastily, to

be his guest for a night or so, in the course of ten days or a fortnight, in her way to Haverford. The captain ended his communication with desiring to know if my stay in Bristol would be so long; as he should be happy to have two old townsfolks, two people he so well loved, &c. cast anchor beside him for a tide or two. But this will not do, Bountly. The captain, though he suspects nothing I believe of my sentiments, would be very ready to put forward something.—I have not time to explain my meaning farther, nor need I my resolution.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

Briftol.

INTENDED to have returned this day to G—: but Mr. D— has prevailed on me to stay a day longer, as to-morrow is a festival

festival day in their community, on which they celebrate what they call a love-feast: and he has promifed to introduce me to it. I had heard long fince of fuch a rite folemnized among these people, and so heard of it as to render me curious.

I know not how it will be conducted yet; but I do not much like the term: neither at this day can I fee the utility of fuch an institution.

In the first ages of christianity their agapes feemed necessary. The Christians being then not only a scattered but an oppressed people, undoubtedly suggested the idea first among them of having all things in common: their circumstances seemed to require such a regulation. The same circumstances too rendered it necessary in their affemblies, when the scattered gathered together from diftant places, that those who had been most oppressed, bringing with them their fcanty pittance—and those who had been least oppressed, bringing of their

abundance—should regale together; that fo the whole might be comforted, and encouraged to perseverance.

But methinks, with the necessity, the institution might have ceased; especially as, by the term, this institution seems rather a dangerous one in our libidinous times; and indeed the apostle treats it rather as such in bis. Nevertheless I am told these Moravians preserve therein the strictest decorum; and, as they make it a custom to admit any serious person to participate with them, it seems a proof that they indulge nothing on the occasion whereof to be ashamed.

And here I cannot but wonder what mysteries a certain prelate alludes to in a work some time since published, which he compares to the Eleusinian mysteries, and the mysteries of the heathen priesthood. For though these Moravians sometimes in their conversation, and sometimes in their manners, affect an air of inexplicitness; yet the books

books of their doctrine, and the books of their ceremonies and regulations, are, as well as their places of worship, open to every body: the latter indeed I must on certain occasions except; but they are occasions when a man of sense would not wish to disturb what all Christians hold profoundly sacred.

Thou hast never read the work I have alluded to, I believe, Bountly—'tis no great matter whether thou hast or not. Some men are fond of exaggerating characters, in order to create wonder, or excite a laugh: on the contrary, as I have before said, I am inclined to think (and the experience I have hitherto had strengthens the idea) that mankind of all casts are more alike than report allows them to be; and consequently that even those we call sanatics, are characters, like ghosts, more to be wondered at when reported at a distance, than when enquired into upon the spot.

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Nevertheless, though I cannot but think the said prelate frequently levels his artillery against a cloud, I can less approve his manner than his subject. Let enquiries be made, let errors be exploded; but let the means be consistent with the design.

The bishop examines modern enthusiasm, and compares it with the ancient—a rational, though not a very devout, amusement. He is very learned, so far he is in character; and he attempts to be vaftly fmart.-How now !-Methinks I fee the venerable paftor, whilft penning certain passages, whisking off his full bottom, and clapping on his napper a spruce queue.-Can religion be a subject for a sacred character to be finart on ?—But what was the bishop's design? I cannot guess.—Was it to convince? Serious enquirers are not to be convinced by a joke, and the light are not in need of being convinced of the fin of over-righteousness.-Was it to ridicule, to expose? This one can hardly suspect of a learned

learned Christian, who could not but know that, whatever charges he brings against modern enthusiasm, he might with equal justice have brought against all those primitive Christians whom we are generally taught to admire. A Bolingbroke or a Shaftesbury might have indulged such a humour, but a bishop methinks should rather have listened to the advice of Horace—

f Sit quod vis simplex duntaxat & unum; and not have consounded his character with one so opposite—that of a sneerer.

It is a point pretty well agreed on all hands, that the founders of all new fects are, and ever have been, actuated by a spirit of enthusiasm. Christianity itself was once the system of a small sect of so-called enthusiasts; and, if there be any truth in history, as much like our present methodists as a golden pippin to an apple. Yet the good bishop indulges a laugh at the modern picture of his ancient progeniture, not willing to remember that from such an origin

he derives his present dignity. Did the bishop think, when he wrote, that he should be read only by school-boys? Did it never enter his imagination that his book would come into the hands of people as well versed in history as himself; and who confequently could as eafily, as logically, and perhaps as fatirically too (and who would he pleased to do so), extend to the whole of Christianity the parallels he draws betwixt modern enthusiasin and the fanaticism of the ancient Heathens? Was he not aware of the danger of fabricating a weapon wherewith to gall his antagonist, which in the hands of a third person, equally inimical to both combatants, might eventually push him from the high places, and expel the name of his greatness?

'Tis true the bishop tells the Methodists and Moravians some shrewd truths; but his being a branch of the same stock should have made him careful of not injuring the common cause: whereas, on the contrary, contrary, he seems resolved to have the laugh on his side, though to obtain it he leads enquiry to a point of view that exposes his mother's nakedness.

There is nothing fo facred, but what may be turned into a jest; nothing to evident, but may be sophisticated; nothing so innocent, but interest or prejudice can misrepresent. Of this, schismatics have given fufficient proof in their remonstrances against establishments, and establishments in their reprehension of schismatics. imprudence, in mutually reproaching and calumniating each other, has done more harm to the common cause of religion, than every thing faid and done by its professed enemies. Nor is it to be wondered at; fince an unprejudiced observer, from their petulancy and prevarications, cannot but conclude that the leaders of denominations are more eager to gain followers of themselves than of the truth. Here at home the diffenter rakes even in unfeemly

places for wherewithal to befpatter the churchman; and the churchman collects what often redounds to his own dishonour, to overwhelm the differenter. Thus in exposing one another they expose themselves; the world is led to inspect the quarrel; and, inspecting farther than was wished, discovers more tricks than worth on either side, and laughs at both.

This puts me in mind of a story, which, though it suits me here as a parable, I shall relate as matter of fact, attested to me lately by one of the persons of the drama—old Ben Elton of F——: thou knowest him.

A tinker and a pedlar had long travelled the country very amicably together: one vended his wares and little inventions, fuch as toasting-forks, mouse-traps, clay deer, and paper flowers; and the other mended pots and kettles: and both regaled at night out of the same mug.

But it happened at a certain period that business sadly failed with the poor pedlar,

pedlar, so that he could not, a nights, pay his share of the reckoning.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Old arts would no longer support him; he had recourse therefore to a new one. He got some bits of horn, and carved them into the shape of little rams horns: then, making his friend the tinker acquainted with his scheme, he borrowed a few shillings of him; and repairing to a farm house, bought some chickens. With these he travelled onward some miles in company with his friend the tinker.

Being arrived at a convenient place, he, with a cement which was supplied by his friend the tinker, affixed his little rams horns so tenaciously to the heads of the chickens, and concealed the cement so curiously by the insertion of small feathers, that the cheat was not easy to be detected; then proceeding through the villages, he shewed them as a great natural curiosity. This brought him in halfpence, pence, and supences in abundance; and he sometimes

ventured

ventured for a confiderable fum to fell a chick or two, but this only when he was about to leave a village.

By this means the pedlar acquired wealth so fast, that he thought himself superior to the company of his old friend the tinker, and avoided him accordingly.

The tinker took this hard; and knowing the means of the other's affluence, refolved to make use of them himself, and go snacks in the favours of fortune. However, having still a sneaking kindness for his quondam comrade the pedlar, and not willing he should have it in his power to accuse him of setting up against him, he a little varied the imposture; and instead of rams horns carved stags horns, which he cemented to the heads of young ducks.

The invention succeeded equally with that of the pedlar; and the same of stags horns, in the first week, became equal to that of rams horns.

The pedlar heard of it, and was highly nettled at the tinker for not being content give him for having unallowedly innovated his original invention. However, as he faw no means of redress, he pocketed his resentment, till they happened one day both to meet in a little country town.

The pedlar had hoped to have engroffed the curiofity of this place entirely by his wonderful ram-horned pullets: but lo! as he was parading, exhibiting, and flourishing away to the crowd gathered about him in the market-place, a chap arrived with fomething tied up in a handkerchief, who, liftening a moment to the pedlar's rhodomontade, interrupted him by declaring "that his ram-horned pullets were not the greatest curiofity of the kind ever feen; for that he had a duck in his handkerchief with natural stag's horns, and which he had just purchased for three half-crowns of a man at the farther end of the town, who had feveral more of them."

While he was speaking, another crowd

appeared in view, attending the tinker. who was exhibiting these wonderful ducks. The pedlar, thus fuddenly disappointed in his expectations, loft his prudence and temper together.-" Friend," faid he to the man who had bought the duck, "that fellow yonder is a cheat; and if I don't prove him fo in five minutes, fet me in the pillory. I know the rascal; the horns of his ducks are nothing more than a bit of an old broken comb cemented on their heads. 'Tis a trick of his to impose on the world, and lessen its esteem for those real little cornutos of mine here, d'ye fee. If you won't believe me, hand me the duck; and I'll prove what I have faid in five minutes, by taking off its horns."

The tinker was by this time arrived for near as to hear part of the vociferous argument of his old friend. He stood a moment astonished at his effrontery; but seeing him take the duck, and actually begin to loosen the horns—and knowing that the

ruin

ruin of both of them would follow the difcovery—he, with a countenance composed of apprehension and resentment, tempered with a small portion of latent friendship, exclaimed—"Nay, Jack! now don't let thy spleen outstrip thy wit—don't now! The world is wide, man; thee wou't repent it."—But expostulation was inessectual off went the horn: the pedlar exulted the tinker looked consounded—the populace hooted; and, shouldering of the poor tinker, pelted him out of the town.

But, whilst this was transacting, some who yet remained around the cracking pedlar, began to examine the chicken they had purchased, naturally reflecting that one rogue is always the betrayer of another. They examined—and lo, to the pedlar's utter confusion, the same means he used to loosen the horns from the head of the duck, loosened also those from the head of the chicken. The consequence was, that Vol. II.

he was hooted and pelted out of the town yet more difgracefully than the tinker.

This letter, my Bountly, though I had proposed making it a brief one, is grown, like most of the others I have lately written thee, too long. Nevertheless, before 1 conclude, thou must indulge me a few lines more, to prevent the apprehension arising from what I have written, that the principles of thy friend, through his being chance led to the inspection of religious diversities and religious disputes, are so apostatized, as to fuffer him to confider religion as all a cheat. Religion itself I revere as a thing happily calculated for the good of mankind: but what I have a fuit against are the rams horns and stags horns, the artificial appendages to religion; the lucre, the form, the definition of ideal things, and the phrase in which they are defined; and about which men have ever been envying and exposing, quarrelling and fighting with

with one another—these are what deserve contempt, because they have brought on religion a contempt undeserved. Let this party boast of their rams horns and that party of their stags horns, and let both get all the admirers they can in a peaceful way, and I would be well contented; but why fhould they fall out and expose one another, and try to engage the whole world in a quarrel about things which each must be convinced are either not to be proved, or are otherwise of no real worth, no intrinsic value-mere fallacies-flags that ferve to distinguish the different corps of mankind, but not in the least to mend them?

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLE.

Briftol. To be prejudiced against an unexamined thing, is not always of differvice to it when G 2

it comes to the examination; for though it may occasion a jealous scrutiny, yet if we find the grounds not quite sufficient to support our prejudice, we are generally disposed to make a drawback, not merely equal to the evidence wanting, but something more, as an atonement for unjust sufpicions.

I have been to a Moravian love-feast, the previous idea of which did not much meet my approof; but observation and participation, in short the thing itself, so abated my dislike, that, ever the dupe of my sensibilities, I at length felt myself pleased even in spite of my judgment—I say in spite of my judgment; because that, notwithstanding, still kept hinting that this antique institution ought to have ceased with the occasion of it.

But these people have now a kind of reason, a kind of necessity, which they can urge in behalf of its retention: for though, like the ancient Christians, they are not an oppressed people, they are however a dispersed

persed people; and on these sessival days (which are set apart to commemorate something remarkable that has happened in their community) assemble together from places many miles distant; whence probably, thinking that to regale at an inn, on such an occasion, would be unseemly, they have, to supply the necessities of nature, adopted and modernized this relic of antiquity. But this is only a probable conjecture, which I make from observing that, though they only allege spiritual motives for their proceedings, there are others behind frequently of a political and provident nature.

This inflitution, as at present celebrated among these Moravians, I can be the more pleased with, as there is something pretty and expressive in it. But I think the celebration can hardly be called, in the common acceptation of the word, an act of devotion: though I do not see why it be not as much so as preaching; as it teaches us a certain Christian duty by a fymbol, which the latter frequently does by words, viz. "Love one another." Nevertheless, however my approbation may have been fascinated by this ceremony, I must acknowledge I am fearful of it; for, should it degenerate any way from the prefent strictness these people observe in it, it may be the occasion of many evils among them.

This is the most formal of all the ceremonies I have observed among the Moravians—I mean in the external appearance: for the members of the community seem to enjoy it as a feast indeed; that is, they seem quite happy in it, a smile of cheerfulness pervading the whole assembly.

When I entered the chapel the organ was playing, but every thing else was quite filent. The floor was strewed with yew, myrtle, ivy, and other evergreens. At the upper end of the chapel, instead of a pulpit, was a long settle, placed on a raised floor; before which, on the same floor, stood

a small

a fmall square table, covered and hung round with green cloth. Opposite this table, at the other end of the chapel, was a very large table, covered with a white cloth, bordered and embellished with blue ribbons. This table was loaded with chinaware, waiters, &c. and all the implements called tea equipage. On the front of this table, and opposite the green table, was fastened a very large sheet of paper, bordered with flowers and evergreens, and inscribed with a text of scripture; and on the wall, over the afore-mentioned fettle, was fastened another sheet, inscribed with another text, and embellished as the former.

The chapel now began to fill. The women all fat on one fide, and the men on the other, leaving an area or passage between them.

Some of the benches, I observed, were filled with youngish women, all drest in white, with pink ribbons pinned plain

G 4

round

round their little plain caps. On enquiry I found that pink ribbons were the badge of the fingle fifters: other rows were decorated entirely with scarlet ribbons; these I found were all girls: and others wore all blue ribbons, and these distinguished the married fifters. These marks of diftinction I find are worn in all Moravian focieties; but to what end I cannot think, unless it be as a substitute to that intercourse between the fexes which among them is forbidden: and indeed fuch a fubstitute feems necessary, especially in their fettlements (for these people, I learn, are fond, where they can, of purchasing an estate, building thereon, and living in little towns quite to themselves, where they can adhere to their regulations much more precifely than when their fituation obliges them to comply a little with the cuftoms of the age)—I fay fuch a fubflitute feems necessary among them in such situations (in which they are to be found even

in England): for as a young fellow has little chance of feeing the fifters except in the chapel, it may ferve to prevent his making application to his pastor for the hand of one already betrothed.

But be this as it may, I shall never see a pink ribbon in future but I shall fancy it inscribed with this motto—Merx mercabilis; nor a blue ribbon, but I shall read on it—Noli me tangere. As for the scarlet ribbon, Immature, is a very proper translation of its significance.

But to proceed.—The minister now entered. 'Twas one of their bishops, who was travelling on a kind of visitation business. He was an elderly venerable looking man, dressed in black, with his own black hair, which parting on his forehead, hung in natural curls on his shoulders.

He seated himself behind the green table afore-mentioned; and three other ministers who attended him, ranging themselves on his lest hand, sat on the same settle with him.

him. On his right hand fat an elderly gentlewoman, who, I was told, was the bishop's wife; and on her right hand, still on the same settle, ranged three other women, neatly but plainly dressed—probably the wives of the other ministers.

The bishop now, without opening any book, began to sing; and the people catching the tune, and being doubtlessly well acquainted with the words, sang with him: the organ, too, soon fell in with the air, and filled up the chorus.

This lasted some minutes. A little while before the singing concluded, two servitors, who sat at the lower end of the chapel, by the great tea table—a man and a woman—arose; and, taking two large baskets of rolls, served first the bishop and ministers, and then all the people; the man serving the men, and the woman the women.

Presently after, tea was served round on waiters: none of the people moving from from their places; but the servitors bringing every thing required to each individual, with a soft, steady step—no bustle, no hurry—no: the grand character of all Moravian assemblies, viz. stillness, prevailing, as far as it was possible, even in this.

While the affembly were regaling on their rolls and tea, the bishop opened a conversation, by informing them that he had lately in his round been at such and such places, and seen such and such brethren who were known to them, and who had commissioned him to tender them their loves.—Many of the people, in return to this information, enquired for these brethren's healths, &c. but never more than one spoke at a time.

A desultory conversation now took place, chiefly between the bishop and the other ministers, and principally relating to the affairs of their church, their missions, settlement, successes, &c. but sometimes on other to-

pics,

pics, though still something of a religious tendency. On some subjects they seemed inclined to be rather a little facetious; and, like all the rest of mankind, though objects themselves of the smiles of many, indulged a smile at the expence of others. Among a diversity of other sources, I remember the jumpings and contortions of the French prophets—anecdotes of the stiffness of quakerism, the dryness of presbyterianism, and the extreme zeal of methodism, afforded considerable portions of hilarity.—But I must own they were unmixed with any degree of ill-nature.

How eafily we can discern those weaknesses in others, which, though they prevail equally in ourselves, we cannot be
conscious of !——Poor Will Atkinson!
Thou knowest crazy Will, the old taylor
of N———. I met him once running
hastily down a lane. "What's the cause
of such haste, William?" said I.

"Why," fays he, gathering up an infi-

infinity of importance into his gesture, "cause enough! You woman would have used my arm to help her along the lane."

"And would you not afford it her, William?"

"Who? me! Why the woman's mad she says she's a duches, and has missed her servant. But she's a cousin Betty."

"And why would not you help a cou-

"What! the lord of the manor lend his arm to a lunatic? However, I'll go fend one of my fervants to help her through the dirt. Poor thing! I'm forry for her." And off he posted.

However, I must do these Moravians the credit to say, that of all people to whom the term of enthusiasts is applied, these have the least (of all that have come within my knowledge) of extravagancy in their external deportment; and of their notions I am not here speaking—extravagancy!

no—their caution and circumspection would rather bespeak them a sect of philosophers.

But I am for ever rambling.—Whilst the second dish of tea was handing round, a noise at the front door of the chapel, which was bolted, attracted the eyes of all the assembly. One of the servants went to it and opened it, but held it so as to prevent any one from entering; whilst he seemed (though his voice was too low to be heard where I sat) as though he was disfuading somebody from obtruding. This lasted some time, and suspended the ease of every one present.

At length the servant, with a countenance considerably discomposed, admitted the obtruder:—and who should it be but the identical parson in whose company I sat some uneasy hours at the shopkeeper's at L——! He entered with a determined and losty air. The servant seemed at a loss what to do with him. The bishop noticed it; and after whispering a moment

to the firanger, "that this meeting was not a public one, and that it was unufual with them to admit in it any but their friends."—The parson replied, "he knew it; but they must this once excuse a breach of their customs, and he should behave himself so as not to give further disturbance."—The other exposulated a moment; but finding the obtruder positive, and conscious of no right to expel him by force, he made a civil apology, and the servant shewed him to a seat in the gallery.

The people now proceeded in drinking their tea; which when they had concluded, an ode composed for the occasion was sung, partly by the minister and people separately, and partly together, accompanied by the organ. After which the whole assembly stood up whilst the bishop prayed, in a style which, though extempore, was far superior to any thing of the kind I had heard before; his expressions being aptly suited.

fuited, and his periods harmonious. He addressed himself, as the Moravians do in all their prayers, to the second person of the Trinity. This is one of the remarkable traits of this sect.—And here permit me an observation.

Most religions that have come under my observance, generally set forth God in the most elevated phrases, as a being at an infinite distance above us; exceedingly awful, tremendous, and greatly to be feared.

According to the christian system, as well as the voice of nature, these certainly are in the right.

The Moravians, on the contrary, always treat of him as of a friend and brother, a being greatly and above all things dear. According to the christian system, these also are in the right.

But confidering him in both points of view, is still more right.

By being used to think of him in too distant

distant a manner, we lose all confidence in him, and we shudder when we bring his august idea home to our imagination: but by going on the other extreme (however pleafing may be the conception of having our Maker for our brother, our Judge for our bosom friend) perhaps we may be led to indulge a preposterous confidence, and to treat the name of the Most High with unbecoming familiarity. But the mind of man is generally adverting to extremes; and as each extreme has, and ever had, adherents, probably they ferve, like the lead on the ends of a rope dancer's pole, to keep the world on a balance: at least they certainly teach the rational and observant how, cautiously, to steer along the narrow way-rope, I should have said, to have completed my allufion.

The ceremony now concluded in a manner that furprised me. But as it was enblematical of the pretensions of this sect to brotherly affection, and brotherly equa-Vol. II. H lity,

lity, it qualified the offence my unaccustomed ideas were ready to take at it. 'Twas this. The bishop having ended his prayer, and fung a few lines of a hymn, he turned to the minister who stood next to him (for the whole affembly were still standing). and, embracing him, faluted him; and was in return embraced and faluted of him again. The bishop then turned to his wife, and faluted her; and she immediately after faluted the fifter who fat next her: that fifter faluted the next, and she the next beyond, and fothe falute presently circulated through every class of the fifters; whilft that given by the bishop to the first minister was, in a fimilar, though not fo foft a manner, bearded through the whole brotherhood; fo that each brother embraced the brother who flood next him on each fide, whether he were rich or poor, his mafter or his fervant.-This I find is a conftant cuftom with them on fimilar occasions, as an indication of their humility and affection; and I should

I should readily have concluded that the indice pointed truly, had not the story of the north-countryman obtruded itself on my memory. "And what then?" thought I—"The general tenor of their lives may be humble and affectionate for all that!" I wish to think well of mankind whenever I can find it possible; and charity now whispered, "Give credit to the indice; there is nothing perfect: thou hast a good watch in thy pocket, whose index generally points truly, and yet sometimes it will make a false beat."

The affembly were now dismissed.

Just as I went out of the door, the parfon before mentioned, who had been difposed of in the gallery, jostling by me, recognized me.

"Ho! Mr. what d'ye call," said he, what are you of this persuasion?"

The rencontre, Bountly, was far from desirable. I could have wished he had not recollected me; and I found a certain H 2 shame

shame overspread my countenance; in spite of my reason, in spite of my conviction that I was not in a fituation that ought to inspire shame. How absurd !- But I have on many occasions felt a like sensation arising from an action, fentiment, or fituation truly laudable; and that merely from a confciousness, that such action, fentiment, or fituation, did not coincide with the general custom, or accord with the opinion of the times. As for instance: Thou knowest how from the beginning, in my heart, I condemned the principles of the American war; how I trembled, how I still tremble for its consequences; how persuaded I was that my ideas of it were politic, rational, and just, and easily to be defended on either of those grounds: I fay thou knowest this; yet when in G-, where the people would be for lord N-, though lord Nwere for the devil, I feel myself abashed even at the idea of being suspected to entertain

tertain notions, however just, that may turn against me the common cry.

Every man that reflects a moment must know that the major part of mankind make no more use of their investigating faculties than just what is necessary to preserve life, or gratify its appetites. And yet 'tis at the tribunal of this majority that the reflective sew stand abashed. And they have cause: for argument cannot prevail on the soolish to comply with the wise; cultivated faculties being necessary to seel its sorce: therefore the wise must give way to the sool, or else go to loggerheads at once, with the odds of a thousand against one.

But I proceed—To the parson's query I answered with as bold a negative as my consussion could muster up; adding "I was there only out of curiosity, to be witness once to the ceremony of a love-feast."

"Love-feast!" replied he: "why aye
—I don't know;" then, as though suddenly
recollecting himself, he assumed his usual

H₃ importance,

importance, which before seemed rather lowered, and continued, with an exclamation-" Mummery! mere mummery!-But look you, I have lodged these few days past just over the way yonder; and enquiring the cause of this affembly here to-day, and being told that it was a private meeting day among the Moravians, my curiofity, as you fay, was excited, to know what paffed in these private assemblies, of which I had heard very odd reports. Now, thought I, if I apply for leave to be present (as to be fure to a man of my cloth they would not have given a denial), this will defeat my defign; for they will then be disguised, and I shall not see them as they are. Therefore, as I knew they dared not deny me admittance, I resolved, you see, rather on a breach of good manners than a balk of my curiofity. Befides, by the way, I fee no reason for paying a compliment to these mysterious conventicles; for if there be no harm, why fo curious in

con-

concealment?—Lawful dealers don't lock up their warehouses; they leave that to the smuggler."

"Sir," faid I, interrupting him, "I am inclined to think well of all men till their actions oblige me to subvert my opinion—and if you are not obstinate in abiding by a preconception, I believe, though you came abruptly on these Moravians to-day, you gathered thereby no proof of their private meetings concealing any thing in the least criminal."

"Criminal! No—who spoke of criminality?—But what a farce!—Tea indeed!
—They should add thereto a pinch of snuff, and then their love-feast would be a complete treat for old women." And so saying, he made me a kind of half-bow and lest me.—Now, on the whole, Bountly, whatever was the motive of the parson's curiosity, I think the resolution he took to gratify it, even by the means of circumvention and unpoliteness, far from repre-

hensible; such a proceeding being far more generous than to propagate salsehoods on hearsay. But after all, though I have seen nothing among these Moravians absolutely censurable; yet they in some degree deserve censure, as they seem to court it by an unnecessary mysteriousness.

W. WANLEY PENSON,

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

Briftol.

O BOUNTLY, how is the heart of thy poor friend tantalized!—My fifter—Oh, has Heaven yet one bleffing in store for Penson—one solace yet, to lull him to a forgetfulness of the past?—My long lost sister—Alas! I am not certain—but I hope, I would fain believe, I have discovered her. What could induce her to fly the house of her parent—the brother of her affection?

But if I have discovered ber, I doubt not soon to discover what has long been a mystery too deep for me to develope.

I am just going to set out for London (instead of returning to G---), in search of her. Mr. D- is getting me directions and credentials to take to the pastor of the Moravian brethren in London, and is also kindly making other neceffary preparations for my journey, whilst I fit down to inform my friend of this fudden event; though indeed I am hardly collected enough to detail thee the particulars of this difcovery. Some perhaps would wonder how fuch a discovery could so discompose me, and would admit any other object of her fex rather capable of producing fuch an effect than a fifter. But I pride myself, Bountly, that my affections are more alive, as well as more refined, than the affections of fuch who would raife fuch a wonder. What! am I to be fuch a mere arimal that nothing shall move me but what is fomehow connected with a means

of gratifying my fenses? Is there no fuch thing as love unmixed with a fenfual idea? The purest of what we commonly call love is not absolutely so: whilst the love of a brother for a fifter unites in it all the tenderness which her sex inspires, with the most perfect purity. Indeed, I know of no affection fo tender, and so abstracted from every gross idea, as that between a loving brother and fifter (for that between parents and children is not upon fo equal a footing, there being something of superiority and submission in that which checks the freedom of the foul); and shall not the fudden recoil of fuch an affection be allowed fufficient to move my bosom? Let the fensualist simile-I am proud that I have affections that can be acted on otherwise than by the stimulus of sense.

Nature formed my bosom highly sufceptible of every tender connection—formed it so as to render such connections desirable; but, alas! vouchsafed me little of the enjoyment. I loved Cary as a sister before I knew

I knew the was fo-there was a vacancy in my heart still referved for such an affinity, which, like the empty feat of an absent friend, whilft it reminded me of the want of it, perpetually exalted its idea. At length Cary crept into this vacancy; but, lo! fo foon as I found she had a right to possess it. it was again forsaken. But I am falling into my old fault, of playing round a circumstance that affects me, instead of describing it. However, having taken this circuit in order to examine whether the cause were adequate to the present emotion of my mind, I find it has answered this end at least (and which I also hoped from it); namely, that of rendering me sufficiently collected to be circumstantial; for, as I have before obferved to thee, I feel nothing fo fuited to allay an effervescence of my mind as turning my faculties to rational investigation, even though what they investigate be the cause of such effervescence. Thus then:

Mrs.

Mrs. D— this morning indulged a curiofity I had long cherished, by taking me with her to the choir house of the Moravian single sisters, where I amused myself some time in admiring the neatness of their dress, the neatness of their dwelling, and the neatness of their work, they being mostly employed in tambour, embroidery, &c.

Sitting by the fide of one of their frames, one of the fifters unfolded a paper, from which the drew fome cotton, and cast the paper aside. It fell at my feet. Some time after, observing it had writing on it, I took it up, almost without thought, and read the following lines, complete, for there were part of others torn across.

Which his grave o'erblows,

Soft the cerements wreathing,

Which his limbs compose,

Yes—of the world weary,

On his peaceful breast,

Now myself I'd bury, In his grave-clothes drest."

But, O my Bountly, what was my furprize to fee this fediment of melancholy fubscribed Caritas Mahud; the very name by which I knew my fister till our relationship was discovered!

My emotion at this moment was, I believe, visible; but I endeavoured to appear calm.-" Madam," faid I to the fifter who had cast the paper from her, " is this the favour of a correspondent?"-She held out her hand for the paper-I gave it her; and having glanced over it, she replied very laconically, "No, fir." -- "Pray, madam" (and my articulations began to grow hasty), "do you know the writer? Is The here? - Whence did this come? - Does any one here know a Cary Mahud?"____ The fifter replied, that it came to her wrapped round an enclosed parcel she had lately received from London, the same instant another ster answered, that

that she believed there was a person of the name of Cary Mahud in the sisters house in London; but was not certain.

"I'll go to London directly," cried I, and was starting away (for, alas! Bountly, there still are, and I apprehend ever will be, moments when I am not so collected as I ought). But Mrs. D—— stopped me—" My good friend," said she, " whither so hasty? What's the meaning of this? You seem moved: what is it has moved you? Whom would you seek?"

" Oh," faid I, " my fister."

" Your fifter !"

"Yes, my fifter; 'tis her own writing," faid I, again seizing the torn paper: "but what can be her forrows? Whom does she so deeply lament? Had she a lover? had she a husband? Let me haste to know the whole of her calamity.—'Buried with him in his grave-clothes.' Thrilling thought! But thy brother shall hasten to comfort thee—to reconcile the eagain to life!" And so saying

I left the house, where the fifters, surprised. I suppose, at my emotion, replied to my exclamatory queries only by evident confulion.

I repaired immediately to Mr. D_____. and told him the occurrence, and my refolution in consequence of it. The suddenness of the thing surprised him; but he foon fuggefted to me the necessity of procuring directions, &c. He is gone to his paftor for that purpose, who resided not long fince in London; and as foon as he returns, I shall set off.

He is returned, and I have directions; but I am more puzzled than ever. fired Mr. D-, without informing him of my reason for making such a query, to ask his pastor whether, if there were such a person as Cary Mahud among the sisterhood in London, he could fay if she were married, fingle, or a widow. Mr. D-

brings

brings me word that a very few months fince she was single, and that it is almost a certainty she still continues so. This is all a contradiction to the idea I had conceived from her verses. But I'll not stay to conjecture, but go and examine. I shall just step to my hearty captain Brudenell, and then quit Bristol immediately. In haste, dear Bountly, farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

IN the hurry of my last, I forgot to tell thee where thou mightest direct to me, should any thing occur which thou wouldst wish to communicate.—I therefore take this first opportunity, afforded me by the halting of the coach, to inform thee that I will

will call daily at the house of our common friend Mr. F-, in London, in the hope of receiving a token of thy remembrance: I have to thank thee for one received just as I was leaving Bristol; and am pleased that my late exertions, the rouse, to use thy own words, which my faculties have lately permitted, meet thy approbation: it will encourage me to endeavourto prevent their again subsiding; though, by the way, I think this mode of expression very unapt; for certainly my faculties, instead of having been in a state of quiescence, have rather, like the waters of a whirlpool, been long too much agitated, by rushing all to one centre: wherefore what thou callest a rouse is, in fact, only such a subsiding as fuffers them to expand a little more evenly.

My mind is certainly very apt to rush into such whirlpools. This morning the idea of having discovered my long lost sister drew my attention from every other Vol. II.

confideration; for had I been capable of deliberation, I should not perhaps have been in such haste to set out in search of her; for would not writing have answered the fame end? Besides, did she not leave me voluntarily? At least, she knows where to find me. But then her diffress-methinks I would fain console her; at least, I would know whether she needs that consolation which the melancholy transfused into her verses seems to indicate she does. But, after all, is it she? 'Twas her name; 'twas her hand: but the fame name may appertain to different persons, and characters may bear an almost indistinguishable refemblance to each other? In fhort, Bountly, to be explicit, I journey towards London, not with half the eagerness I set out, and yet not absolutely from any of the considerations above offered; but from an idea that glanced on me the moment my perturbation was capable of admitting a reflection; namely, that while I rush on, uncertain.

uncertain, to find a fifter, I shall certainly deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing my fympathizing friend, Miss Brudenell, at her intended visit to G____. Thus, as one eddy fucceeding to another weakens the force of the former, this contingency respecting Miss Brudenell, I own, of itself has much abated the first impetuosity of my defires to be in London. Nevertheless I'll proceed; though, for the mere fake of expedition, I think I shall not shut mysel up in the coach for above another stage, for the company in it are unfuited to me, and the rattle and closeness of it render me flupid and fick-in short, I have already caught a coach calenture, and long to throw myself into green fields.—But proceed— Yes, Cary, I was thy friend-I am thy brother; and thou, be where thou wilt, canst not but be ever my sister: whilst Miss Brudenell may foon be perhaps the husband of another .- Another !- I am ashamed of the expression, Bountly. She will ever

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be Penson's friend, and nothing more, and nothing——What means this?——A porter having enquired for me has, on my being pointed out to him, this moment delivered me a small parcel, directed for W. Penson, at Mr. D-'s, Bristol. "Whence did you bring it, friend?" faid I .- " From London, fir."-" From London!" faid I; "why, how did you know my name was Penson, or that I was (or rather am) the Penson here directed to ?"- " Why, fir," faid he, "as I was examining the parcels in the boot of a coach just now going for Bristol, among the rest I took up this. The coachman of the other coach in which you are a paffenger, looking over my shoulder, and reading the direction, told me the parcel was for a gentleman in this house. who belonged to his coach; for that he had taken him from Mr. D-'s in Bristol, with whom he was well acquainted."

Having uttered this as rapidly as he well could, the fellow departed.

In examining my parcel, I find it to be an elegant gold repeater: the embossings of the outer case represent Ulysses steering betwixt Scylla and Charybdis; and on the inner is engraved in cypher, N. L.

Who this came from I cannot even guess; for I have no acquaintance in London from whom I could expect such a present; or if I had, how should they have known of my being at Mr, D—'s in Bristol?

My Bountly would not trouble me with fuch a gift, as he knows it would be to me fuperfluous; nor—but I have not time for farther conjecture, for the coach is ready.

The coach!—Methinks I recoil at the thought of re-entering it. I shall certainly foon quit it. 'Tis a progression too mechanical for me. My motions have an antipathy against being regulated by the coincidence of hours and mile-stones, even though—But I must not write another word. Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART VI.

OLD SNELL.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

BOUNTLY, I have been deceiving myself.—Lately had I fancied that my mind, from some innate spring, was recovering a degree of equability; but, alas! I find I am but a barometer, affected merely by situation. The date whence I write will point thee the degree of my instability. Could I divide myself, the swiftest whirl would

would not convey one half of me too speedily to my hoped for sister; whilst the other half would spontaneously recoil back to G—, there to await the arrival of—. What would I suggest?—I will not indulge the thought.—But is it to be wondered at, that such counter-attractions should abate my first velocity, or that it should abate peculiarly at N—, the scene of my childhood, and of my youth; a scene I have sedulously avoided these many years? But now, methinks, passing so near it, I could no longer resist the impulse which tempted me, once more, to explore its regretted haunts.

I have quitted the coach. I could not accommodate myself to it. My deportment perhaps is unsocial; but thou, Bountly, knowest my heart. I cannot accord with the unseeling. I am out of tune amidst them; my spirits cannot expand among them. If I am necessitated a little to open myself to them, I feel as

though uncloathing for a cold bath in the depth of winter, when one shrinks at the loosening even of a button. Therefore, when I am, as now, deprived of the society of a susceptible mind, I make my pen my companion, and the paper I write on becomes my only collocutor; for, propitious to my feelings, that distinguishes them without misconstruing their motive; and, impressed with my fentiments, this reslects them without a sarcasm on their singularity.

Unbosom myself to the world, Bountly! What, to be its sport! its scorn! Why, truly, that would be, like a tame jay, to expose myself to be pecked to pieces by the wild ones. No. It may continue to think me an odd fellow; but it shall not know I am a weak one.

I am vexed, Bountly. "This world, fo fitted for the knave, delights me not." Yea, truly, I like neither it nor myself. "Tis an unweeded garden; things rank, and gross in nature, possess it merely:" and I, alas!

alas! a weak thing amidst it, am incapable of weeding it, and equally incapable of adapting myself to its rudenesses. I wish nature had formed me of a mold less sensible: yea, I wish myself a man of the world.—No; that is a mistake.—

I find, on recollection, I wish neither the one or the other. But I wish I could for a while enter into the spirit of the world—even just long enough to acquire me a fortune: then I would be myself again to enjoy it.

I cannot, indeed, at this moment say I am absolutely unhappy in myself; but in the unhappiness of others I am truly vexed.

Thou wonderest that I should on a sudden covet fortune, who have so long renounced the pursuit of it: but at this moment I peculiarly seel its absence.—Covet it!—No, I covet it not.—Yet, if I had it, I would do something.——Alas, poor Tray! Have I hurt thee?—He was sleeping at my feet, Bountly; and my foor

foot partaking of the agitation of my mind, when I told thee I would do fomething, I gave the poor fellow an involuntary kick.

I fee I was not defigned to reform the world. If I were to attempt it, and fortune afforded me the means, I should probably do evil where I designed good.

Poor Tray! I intended not to hurt thee!—'Twas a man, an unfeeling man, "dreffed in a little brief authority," that incited my indignation: but its unequal vengeance fell on my faithful dog. I wish it had been the 'fquire—I should have enjoyed his howling.—The 'fquire!—A Turk!—Poor old Snell! how has he injured thee!—Yes, Bountly, even poor old Snell, our schoolmaster.—I will tell thee more of him presently, if I can compose my irritability.—The 'fquire!—He is a villain. How pleased I am to see that sentence on my paper!—'Tis a stroke of justice, though an impotent one. Let me read it again—

The 'squire is a villain.—Yes, I am pleased that my pen has struck a truth bluntly, and not trimmed and minced till degenerated into a half falsehood. Nothing could please me more but the making the villain subscribe himself to the term.—But—Let me pause a moment that I may be myself again.

Now, Bountly.—I have already told thee I am at N—: I stept a little out of my road, to sigh in it once more.—How many years, alas! is it since I breathed thereto a farewel one! No matter.—No matter, neither, for the imprudence that led me to revive the idea of my disappointments on the spot where the first broke on me: here I am again on it, and have been rambling it over some hours; but sinding few animate things whom I knew, or to whom I was known, I at length searched for old acquaintance among old posts, old pavements, and old walls.

Canst thou hold a conversation with a post,

post, Bountly?—What a question!—But observe now.—When thou meetest an old friend, what talk ye over with each other but past events? The mementos, surnished by thy acquaintance, call forth and connect those surnished by thy own faculties, and thou enjoyest over again the scene long past. Such enjoyment have I in contemplating an old post, a tree, or an old hovel, on which I have clomb, beneath which I have sat, in which I have played.

Do I dwell on trifles, Bountly? If I do, it is here necessary; it would otherwise be unaccounted for, how I lighted on the miseries of our poor old master. Permit me then.

I visited the mill—I enjoyed its clack—I peeped into the sluice that used to fill us with such dread.—Our fears are all proportioned to our abilities.—The sluice is but shallow; yet methought I wished to find it somewhat fearful even now; the finding it otherwise seemed to obstruct the

with a quere of doubt certain pages of circumstances and events, which, till then, I had admitted as unquestionable.—But would it not be cruel to tell poor Snell—Tell him!—Methinks it would be insolent to eye him with the idea that I admired not now his wisdom, that I feared not now his arm.—Enough—let the fluice too inspire its wonted deference—I shall dread it again if I live a few years longer; then again shall my tottering steps avoid its brink.

But the mill and the meadows around were unaltered: that pleased me. I traced the stream—I sat on its borders—I listened to its ribblings, re-enjoying in idea what was once enjoyment in reality; yea, even to the picking pebbles from it, as I used to do. I have them now in my pocket, and can scarcely forbear pulling them out to count them. But how silly was all this! Yet why more silly than the history of human

human life?—These pebbles are memoits of my youth. They recount to me what once were my delights, and educe how valueless are my present inestimables; mere pebbles, Bountly: but with this cold comfort annexed, that probably my present apprehensions on the other hand are inspired by nothing in itself more dreadful than my former ones—a shallow mill-sluice.

I am interrupted—my landlady has just brought me my supper. Nature needs refreshment. It shall be afforded Then shall my soul again commune with its friend, "renewed in all her powers, and fresh with life!" Thou wilt guess, by what I have said, that I have an apartment to myself; though I should first have told thee that, sinding sew here who did, or would recognise me, I have taken my lodging at a little inn.

An apartment to myself! Yes, Bountly, I have.

I have. Thou hast often blamed me for indulging myself fo much in solitude; and perhaps wilt again tell me, that I debar myself of much pleasure, which, in conversation, I should have a probabiliey of meeting with.—But, Bountly, have I not frequently heard thyself complain of the general infipidity of mixt company, especially that to be met with in an inn, or a tavern; where, methinks, mankind meet only to draw out each other's folly, and expose each other's frailty?-Delightful engagement furely! But, however delightful, I feel I am not calculated to enjoy it. It hurts me to be present where a man, perhaps not quite so glibly tongued as his companions, is fingled out (as fuch a one is ever fure to be) as a butt for the rude jests of the others: though, truly, I would not myself less choose to be such a butt, than to shine in such a groupe, by returning their ill-natured inuendoes .- O shame ! that men equally subject to the same infliction, should embrace with such eagerness every

every opportunity of wounding each other? From beings of such description, Bountly, thou must permit me to sly, whenever it is in my power; for in such company I cannot remain, but with a suspicion that my senses have led me to mistake my species.—Ah! even now the "din of riotous merriment" bursts on my ears from the crowded kitchen!—The sots there are doubtlessly triumphing in the smart of one of their sellows, or aggravating a dispute between two friends.—How savage!—Tell me not of such conversationists;

Their manners are too harsh for me,
Their snarl I could not bear:
I'd rather seek some hollow tree,
And dwell, a hermit, there.

My landlady supped with me. She eyed me with an inquisitive eye—frequently and often hinting a distant enquiry: but the tones of our spirits were not in unison. I could not disclose myself.—We talked indeed; but our discourse was "words, mere

mere words."—My mind was full of poor Snell.—He told me the truth—my land-lady confirmed the story he had told me. This inspired me, ere we parted, to make her a compliment: indeed, after she had borne testimony to the poor old man's ill usage, I thought I discovered some traits of benignity in her countenance, which had escaped me before; and she, I believe, in consequence of the latter part of my behaviour, thinks me, at least, not a jesuit.

I had invited our poor old master to sup with me; but he, unhappy slave to the 'squire's tyranny, was sent on a message in the evening, to a neighbouring town, from whence he cannot return till to-morrow.

I am every five minutes interrupted by the officiousness of this landlady of mine whence I write so disjointedly.

Bountly, they have destroyed that nook in the wall of the long walk leading to the Vol. II. K church-

church-yard, which was opposite our school orchard; that nook which was such a savourite with us at hide and seek, and the untrodden corner where so oft we have, as in their pasture, disposed our hobby horses; where we have so often stripped the seed from the docks and plantains to surnish our little semale playmates with a stock of grocery.—This savourite spot is enclosing in the squire's garden. Here had I promised myself a lounge on the bank under the wall.

I had passed from the mill to the churchyard, and was tracing up the long walk, and saluting every remarkable stone with a touch of my cane, when thinking suddenly to turn into my favourite angle, my steps were impeded by a heap of rubbish.

The wall was down; its ruins extending even to the pathway I was treading, and an old man was labouring amidst them.

I cannot well describe thee my sensations on this occasion. I was vexed ere I knew

knew why-I was angered without confidering wherefore; for the walk will certainly be handsomer for the a Iteratin: but I was disappointed-and disappointment always begets vexation, and vexation petulance.—Away with fuch triteness.—I was ashamed too, on the same instant, both of my vexation and anger.-Why, Bountly, did I feel either the one or the other? I could fully recollect the pleasures I hadthere participated, had the nook been ten times destroyed. However, this shame, if it did not temper my displeasure, confined it to my own bosom, at least during the first moment of its effervescence. - Shame! -I wish it was always as rational. An hour before it had been the mere tool of common opinion, and had prevented my indulging an inclination I felt to bestride the crofs of the fun-dial at the crofs road in the village; as thou and I have often done when boys.—Every thing I fee here are mementos of our youthful friendships; and

and by repoffeffing certain fituations, methinks I revive, by a kind of magic, the incidents they were feverally witness to .-But there were eyes to observe my incantative motions; wherefore I only looked wiftfully at the dial, as one looks at a friend at church, when wishing to disclose something to him which the decorum of the place forbids one to utter. Thus the same fensation, or at least one very like it, which prevented me in the church-walk from indulging an impulse which might have been injurious to my fellow man, prevented me at the cross-dial from indulging a very innocent inclination.—Bountly, how ashamed is conceited thirty of retaining any trait of what it was at frank fifteen! as if a few years had made us wondrous wife; whereas, in fact, they have only fettled the features of our follies. Had I mounted the cross, and enjoyed there a few minutes that reflection I wished to indulge, or had I fnicked a marble, as formerly, against the flones

ftones that compose it, I should certainly have incurred the contempt of every beholder. But had I lounged all this afternoon in the great chair at the inn, making betts on the chance of the next spark that should sly from the fire, even till by inebriation I had made myself a brute more stupid than nature in her dullest mood ever produced, no one would have suspected me of idiotism: though, for my soul, I cannot conceive wherein such enjoyment (if it deserve that name) is more rational than the former: but manbood, it seems, so prides itself in temerity, that it disdains to indulge a folly that is not coupled with vice.

But I have long enough played with my subject.—Poor old Snell! 'Twas he that was labouring amidst the rubbish of the ruined wall.—I knew him not; neither noticed he me, for his back was towards me.

"Friend," faid I, after I had conquered

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my first emotion, "was the fall of this accidental?"

- "No, fir," answered the old man, but without looking off his work.
 - "You have pulled it down then," faid I.
 - " By the 'squire's order," said he.
 - " And for what end?"
 - "To make the wall strait," he answered.
- "A foolish—," said I; but checked the epithet short of an application. "He has destroyed the prettiest place in the parish."

The old man looked up, and now first observing me, made me that kind of bow which one makes to a person whom one suspects to be not deserving of it.—I started at his aspect.—It was old Snell.—I leaped over the rubbish, and took hold of his passive hand—" Master! is it you?"—was all I uttered: but I believe my countenance was more expressive.

Yes, it was our master, Bountly; he whose endeavours insused into our open-

ing

ing minds the rudiments of ufeful knowledge: who corrected the impropriety of our imitative accents; whose authority restrained our youthful extravagancies; whose frown terrified us into the most implicit submission; whose approbation we once esteemed the highest honour :- he, Bountly, whom our little fouls were wont to revere as the arbiter of fate, was, like the ruins he flood among, reduced from his exaltation—reduced to a flave, trodden beneath the foot of a tyrant.—He was toiling amidst rubbish.—That hand, which once guided these fingers, to describe the letter which now expresses the emotions of my heart, had forgot its flexibility -was grown callous, from its contact with adverfity. " Mafter! is it you?" ---Dost think, Bountly, at such a fight I could articulate more?

Snell's looks told me he recognized me, but he feemed rather hurt at the recognition.—Poor old man!—I wished he could K 4 then

then have feen my heart; he would have feen it wounded as much as his own. He however foon recollected himself; and shaking me rather diffidently by the hand, faid with a figh, "Ah, mafter Penson! times are fadly altered with me." Yes, truly: but no verbal reply presenting itfelf, sufficiently commiserating, I squeezed his hand, which I still held.—He gathered courage. "Ah, Wanley," faid he, you were always good." My heart beat fenfibly at these words, and I felt the same fensation I had formerly experienced, when, perchance, my executed task met the venerable man's approbation .-- But my aspect, I believe, grew inquisitive. The old man shook his grey locks. "Things have gone hard with old Snell," faid he-and the tear swelled in his eye. But he swallowed his spittle hastily, and endeavoured to conceal his concern.-" Master Penson." refumed he, and feemed about to continue his speech, but just then the bolt of a distant gate went back, and directly appeared in view, a fat, purfy, bloated-looking fellow, in a loofe coat, night-cap, and slippers.—Snell instantly disengaged his hand from mine, and resuming his pickax fell to his labour, exclaiming in a low voice, "Here's the 'squire coming.—Wanley, I once commanded you; shall I now beg you to withdraw? You will else see your poor old master insulted.—Don't humble me so much as that, Mr. Penson."

Bountly, dost think these words struck not on my heart-strings? Dost think I could refuse old Snell? Had I staid, would he not have thought me curious, impertinent, unseeling?—Disgrace approves not the observation even of a friend.—I knew not the circumstances of the poor old man's humiliation; but I guessed they were such in which I could afford him no relief; and I myself was humiliated with the idea of not having it in my power to shield his hoary head from expected

pected wrongs. I retired; but looked, as I went, for a place where I could get within hearing, yet be fecreted from view.

Opposite the wall, on the other side of the road, is what once was our school-orchard, but now a waste plot, quarried almost all over to supply the 'squire's buildings with stone and mortar. I walked down to the cross lanes, and then leaping through a shard, got into that ditch where we have spent so many hours in making toys of its yellow clay. I walked up this ditch, which brought me within a few yards of the place where old Snell was at work.

I feated myself close under the bank—a hawthorn bush hung over me—I peeped through its thick branches. Old Snell was filling his wheel-barrow. The 'squire approached.—The wheel-barrow was full—Snell essayed to move it—he staggered under its weight. How I pitied him! But the 'squire stood full in view.

Thou knowest, Bountly, I am not one of those

those who laugh at the skill of the physiognomist. I think a curious observer may, in general, pretty nearly guess a man's leading character by his countenance. Did I fay a curious observer may discover? Would it not be better said, a person of sensibility will feel the affections of another's foul, as they emanate on him from his looks?-Is there not a sympathy, an antipathy, in fouls, which our eyes, performing the office of the antennæ of insects, discover; an occult medium through which our minds affect each other; perhaps something analogous to that fascinating quality the rattle-snake is said to possess, whereby he charms his terrified prey into its possession, by the glance of its eye-fomething, in short, not easily to be defined? For though I am feldom, I think, out in my conjectures of a person's disposition, when my eye has once felt his countenance; yet what rules could I lay down as rudiments of physiognomy? Very important ones. For I have often feen regular

regular features animated with the spirit of a villain; and I have seen very uncomely ones, through which the heart told me it was honest.

It is not then the features, but the workings of the foul in these features, that discover the disposition of the mind. And as it is agreed that every human creature has one ruling passion, which, like Aaron's rod, still swallows up the rest, is it to be wondered at that this ruling passion, almost perpetually affecting the countenance, should, in a course of years, so set the features as to discover itself in them at first view? I say in a course of years; for in young people the character of the mind is not fo discoverable in the countenance, as in those of riper age; and this is a corroboration, I think, of my conception of aspect-influence.

But to what purpose is all this? Better I had simply told thee I liked not the squire's looks: but I have heretofore informed

formed thee from what cause I first addicted myself to fall in with every idea that diverted me from the point I, was previously pursuing; a habit now, the indulgence of which I am frequently not aware of till I find myself bewildered, or at a ne plus ultra.

But here I return to my subject, by the cue of the 'squire's aspect, which was such as I should not have approved, had I not been prejudiced against him. As it was, I looked on him as a Turk, his night-cap I imagined a turban; and I almost discredited my eyes when, looking for his whiskers, I saw none.

As he approached Snell, he swelled like a turkey-cock, his bottle nose and out-blown gills changing, as he drew himself up, from a blue to a magisterial purple. But I had not much time for contemplating his appearance, for presently his hoarse voice broke on my ear like the bursting of a beer barrel. "Hoh!—What!—Doomsday work

work with a witness! Why, you mere ass in a mill, why you are not a foot forwarder yet! What, do you think I'll be choused out of my money at this rate? You lazy old rascal, why you have not done an hour's work to day; and here you must be jawing away your time with any one that will jaw with you, must you?-- I faw you, you idle dog !-Who was that fon of a whore that flinked off down the lane yonder, hah?"

" A stranger, sir," replied the poor old man, with a laconic calmness, which bespoke him inured to such ratings.

"You lie, you old dog," retorted his tyrant; "ftrangers are not fo fond of clawing. Some baftard of your own, I suppose. I have a mind to break your head, for the lve."

"Alas, fir," faid Snell, a little more animated, " I never affumed fo much of the character of my fuperiors, as to allow myfelf to get bastards. I never had but one

boy-

boy—he was no bastard; and poor Tom is far enough off, poor soul!"

The 'squire hardly heard the last sentence, ere he slew at the old man, and I believe would have felled him to the ground; but happily, in lumpering over the rubbish, his foot slipt, and down he came.

How I exulted! There is an innate principle of equity in the human breaft, which produces a pleasure there, on our seeing the scale of power reduced to a level; yea, on seeing that end depressed which, for a while, had been mounting too high.

The 'squire, I believe, hurt his leg; for he roared, and swore, for a time, unintelligibly: but, at length, I distinguished so much of his exclamations as gave me to understand that what so suddenly fired him, was old Snell's inuendo respecting bastards, and the mention he made of his son Tom.

Thus he fat on the stones some time, muttering threats and upbraidings, till,

after a while, recovering his legs, he hobbled off, denouncing vengeance.—But prefently returning, he commanded, in the true tone of despotism, the feeble old man, as a punishment for what he called his laziness and his insolence, to go, after he had finished his day's work, to fetch a parcel for him from C----

Snell heard him, and getting the other fide of the heap of stones (in order, I suppose, to be out of the reach of the 'fquire's cane), ventured mildly to remonstrate against his sentence, on the score of his age, the length of the way to Cwhich was fix miles, and the many hours he had already been toiling, and which had fufficiently fatigued him: but concluded by an offer of going early in the morning.

The 'fquire would not hear his plea: his rage again kindled; but he had prudence enough not to venture a fecond time over the stones: and all the mitigation the old man could obtain, was that, if he

could

could not return this evening, he might tarry all night at C—, provided he came back in the morning by the usual time of resuming labour. This is not complied with to a tittle, the 'squire swore horribly he should never strike another stroke in the parish; but should be reduced to starve upon the earth.

Bountly, what a thing is man! How foon can he forget himself; forget that 'tis himself he degrades when he treads upon his species !- I was wishing, when I began this letter, for riches-I wished wealth to enable me to fuccour the diffressed; to wrest the reins of authority from the petty tyrant; to break the rod of the oppressor. But in forming fuch a wish had not I too forgot myself, forgot that I was a man, liable, by the same means, to fall into the fame iniquities as others? Is there not fomething in the possession of riches, that chills the glow of charity? Redundance cannot feel the cramps of penury; how VOL II. then

as it fears no oppression, how can it conceive the grindings of it?—Alas! who knows, were wealth and authority in my possession, but that they would render (however now my soul may abjure the idea) my feelings as callous as the hearts of those whom I wished to humble! Be then my prayer, rather, that of Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; lest I be full, and say, Who is the Lord? lest I be poor, and take the name of my God in vain."

When I began writing, I thought, in a few words, to have told thee old Snell's story; but a variety of ideas crowding on my mind, led me away; and time has elapsed insensibly. 'Tis near two o'clock. I feel myself heavy. I must repose a little. To-morrow I shall pursue my journey, and from the first place I halt at I will satisfy thee concerning our poor old master. Forgive me for tantalizing thee, by thus breaking off my tale,

or rather for not having yet, properly fpeaking, commenced it.

I believe the people of the inn have been watching me through the chinks of the wainscot; for, as I put back my chair, in order to rise from my writing table, I heard somebody steal along the passage.—
If a man steps a little out of the common track of mankind, how busy is curiosity about him! how suspicion is ever squinting on him! But is there any thing so very odd in a man's sitting up a few hours to write? Probably, had I sat up to drink, my hosts had been better pleased.

Good night.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

(In continuation.)

I have had three hours fine sleep. 'Tis a wet morning. Nobody yet is stirring. L 2 How

How the rain patters against the windows! -The wind fings in the casement. I am awake, 'tis true; but this stormy hum almost lulls me again into the arms of flumber. I waked to recount thee the story of our poor old mafter; but, methinks, were I to attempt it, however my heart bleed for him, my head would now nod over it. Bountly, why does this buftle of the elements fo footh one? I should think, in my present case, it was occasioned by the idea that I was secure from its effects, did I not remember that I have often listened, foftly pleased, to the singing of a storm, even when exposed to its fury. Is it then that we diflike still life, and prefer the fcene of nature in agitation?-Poor old Snell endured a storm yesterday, while I was fnug under the hawthorn: yet I believe neither of us felt any foothing effects from it.

Still life!—I dare fay my hofts think

me a piece of still life. But, could they look into my soul, they would alter their opinion. I think I observed last night, that a man who differs somewhat from the general manners of the world is viewed with the eye of suspicion; yea, oft with the glance of contempt: but why?

The window of my apartment, Bountly, looks into a meadow.—I have been admiring the flowers wherewith its fward is befpangled. The general hue of them is, as it is every where, yellow; the filken primrose, the clustering cowflip, and the varnished yellow cray, vying with each other, over all the scene; yet here and there, in a hollow, or under the shadow perhaps of a bush, a poor blue-bottle hangs its dejected head, avoiding the blaze of day, nor emulative of sharing the honours of the field.—Such a poor blue-bottle, methinks, I am among mankind. But, dear good folks, despise not the poor blue-bottle: 'tis a shy unengaging flower in-

L3

deed ;

deed; but it serves notwithstanding to fill up the harmony of the creation; and the child of sorrow will place it in his bosom, for its cups will ever afford his woes the tribute of a tear.

The ftorm still continues-I cannot purfue my journey yet. I will therefore venture the attempt of re-engaging thy attention by a recital of our old master's adverfities; adverfities, which, in the recollection, cannot fail to rouse me from the languor that is crept over me. But the family is stirring; they will wonder to see me now at my pen, and conclude, perhaps, that I have not yet left it; for the curiofity that tempted them last night, may again tempt them this morning, to take a peep at one of nature's eccentricals. I will feem to be just rising; yet why? Let a feint be the subterfuge of a villain. What have I to be ashamed of? Nothing that I ought; though vailing to common opinion, there may be some things that I am; especially

cially on———What plaintive voice is that?—Let me open the casement to listen to it.

"O cease, ye winds, except to blow A banish'd lover home: With cruel man combine not, now, To'ruin my poor Tom.

Or, if to this despairing breast
Alive he ne'er must come;
O wast him, that these eyes, at least,
May weep upon poor Tom."

She is leaning, Bountly, against a willow, which overhangs the brook that bounds the inn-yard from the meadow. How wistfully she looks at the weather! Oh! for a pencil to sketch the attitude of such forlorn fervency! I could not be better stationed for such a purpose. The scenery too. But again she repeats the burthen of her song.

O waft him, that these eyes, at least,

May weep upon poor Tom?

L 4 Suasive

Suafive notes! May their prayer prevail!
Would it could prevail yet farther, that my
eyes too may weep upon my——That
touch was too deep.

The rain won't hurt me. Poor disconfolate! She endures it—yes—for the sake of her lover. I too have been a lover!— Am I not so even now? and shall she out-go me in the evidences of affection? No, I will join her. We will mingle our sympathies. But will it not disturb her? Her whole soul is in her song. She moves; she is coming this way.—I'll meet her.

'Twas poor Tom Snell's sweetheart, Bountly, of whom I have more to tell thee by and by. I met her in the yard. She is a pretty, modest-looking maiden; but her features have the languor of melancholy. Child of forrow, thought I, as I approached her, imagine me a blue-bottle,

if thou wilt, for my cups have a tear for thy woes. We met. "Pretty maiden," faid I, "do you ever fing thus in stormy weather?"

"It has been stormy indeed," said she.

"Your fong has however calmed the hurricane," I replied.

"Would it could," faid she; and she passed me. She wist not, Bountly, I had a tear to bestow on her. She would not place a poor blue-bottle in her bosom; yet it shall give her a tear.

I enquired of a servant, who informed me she was his master's daughter, and that, in stormy weather, she was always passing melancholy, "because as how her sweet heart was at sea." Hence too I learnt the identity of her poor Tom—even our former playsellow, Bountly.

But the veteran in adversity, our poor old master—he shall presently tell his story himself, even as he told it me: 'tis

now fresh in my memory; his accents methinks again vibrate on my ear. Though the storm is abated, the rain seems settled. I am then weather bound-It matters not: it only gives me an opportunity of elucidating what I have already written, for I am sensible I have written very unconnectedly. My heart, though in its cooler moments it may promife to honour and obey my head, yet, like a wayward wife, is ever fetting my head at defiance. It has been disciplined; yet, like a filly colt, it will still start. Has it not been sufficiently disciplined, Bountly? Or has it been too violently fo? I cannot determine. Poor Snell's feems inured to exigences. He endures his misfortunes; he recites his griefs only with fo much emotion, as ferves to convince one he is not quite insensible. Can misery become familiar to us, Bountly? Can advertity obtuse our feelings? "The hand of little experience hath the daintier fense." Repeated tortures can destroy irritability.

ritability. I said my heart was like a half broken colt, ever starting. Poor Snell's is like a horse long used to the lash, which beaves only when it feels the spur, and vents its uneasiness but in an habitual groan.

Such a groan he vented as he turned over the wheelbarrow, after the 'squire had lest him; it was half mechanical. He seemed to blow it away; and moistening his singers with his lips, he returned with the wheelbarrow, and resumed his spade.

I had quitted my hiding place, and was again approaching the poor old man. He endeavoured to assume an easy deportment.

"We have a fine evening, master Penfon," said he: "pray is it not near fix o'clock?"

I pulled out my watch. It wanted only ten minutes.

"Master," said I, as I held the watch towards him, "your slavery is ended."

" No,"

"No," faid he, with an affected fmile, "Snell's flavery won't end till his old bones are laid yonder" (pointing to the church-yard). "I must go this evening to C."

"I'll go hire you a horse then," said I.

Twas what I had intended, Bountly.

My offer seemed rather to discompose his affected ease; for fixing his eyes on the ground, he replied,

"No thank you, master Penson, thank you heartily—but it must not be; the 'squire would deem it an insult, for—"

"Curse him," said I; and was going to procure a horse.

But he stopped me—"Stay, Sir," cried he; "indeed it must not be: I thank you, but old Snell has not been used to riding; it would fatigue me more than if I walked."

I looked him in the face, Bountly, as he spoke. His frank countenance corroborated

rated his words. I could urge him no further. But I told him I would then walk part of the way with him. He affented; and the time of his labour being now expired, we repaired to my inn, where having refreshed my companion, we set off for C-—.

I accompanied him four miles, and then returned by moon-light hither. During this walk it was that he unbosomed to me his misfortunes.

Nothing I think, Bountly, begets familiarity, I may fay confidence, between two persons, more than travelling together, especially by night. Hast thou not sometimes experienced this? Hast thou not, on such occasions, sometimes so sound thy soul open by degrees, that thou couldst hardly at last retain the secret of thy own sollies? Calculated for society, but for the time confined to a very narrow circle, perhaps the communicative impulse increases in consequence of such a contraction; or, formed

formed universally dependent on each other, but on such occasions reduced to rely (whatever may befal) on the assistance of one only, probably a benighted traveller instinctively esteems his companion as his friend, his ally, his every thing; feeling an affection for him, and reposing a considence in him adequate to such an estimation.—But I proceed.

"Penson," said our old master (for we were by this time become quite samiliar)—
"Penson," said he, as he struck Cadmoor gate with his crabtree stick, "'twas at this gate I received the first intimation of the missortunes which soon after besel me. Twas here I met the angry squire, and first heard the threats of his resentment.

"I know, Penson," continued he, "that your curiosity must be on edge to know what train of ills has brought me to my present condition; but I find you are too considerate to put what you may think impertinent questions to me: but I have been

been used to the aspect of adversity so long, that it does not now scare me. With regard to future misfortunes, I am in general prepared for the worst; and one cannot be ffartled, you know, at what one has long expected. And as to the past, though, from a consciousness that I deferved not of mankind the treatment I met with, I at first indulged a kind of pride in recording it in my memory; yet now, like a transcript become familiar, however it presents itself to my recollection, I can in general review it without being affected by it. And I think, could I be certain of poor Tom's destiny, I should, though not happy, be upon the whole tolerably easy. But sufpense, you know, master Penson-'tis a trite observation, and I will not repeat it. One thing I will tell you, though, by the way-though my breaft is now pretty well proof against the stroke of calamity, I found to-day it was yet but too vulnerable to the foft touch of compassion. This is What

what it has long been unused to; what, as it hoped not to engage, it was unprepared to sustain. Your sympathy this afternoon unmanned me, master Penson: I have not found my old heart so quick before this long time. But excuse your poor old master's talkativeness, and I will tell you how all came about.

"You know," continued he, "for a country school, that I had a very eligible one. I had many quarterly and day scholars: but that which I principally depended on, was the charity of thirty pounds per annum, in the gift of—I may say the squire; for when I tell you it is in the gift of the vestry, he being ever sole dictator there, it is but saying the same thing.

"In this school I presided twenty-seven years, and was much respected; yea I may say, I think, with no more vanity than an old man may indulge, that, in point of learning, I was considered as the first perfon in the parish, your uncle and the old rector

rector only excepted: but notwithstanding the precedence undisputedly allowed them in this point, I was more consulted by the neighbourhood than they: for if any dispute arose, I was generally appointedarbitrator; if doubts started on points of law, I was the counsel; if transfers were made, I was the conveyancer; if a dark passage occurred in the newspaper, I was the interpreter; and the purchasers of a new almanack always brought it to me for elucidation. The exciseman indeed would sometimes dispute with me the palm of mensuration; but on other subjects he acknowledged my superiority.

"All this to be fure flattered my vanity; for we are none of us, you know, without pride, master Penson: but I can conscientiously aver that it never listed me above my neighbours, nor tempted me to take an improper advantage of their prepossession in my favour.

"On this desirable footing things conti-Vol. II. M nued nued till within these last five years. My income amounted in all to about fixty pounds a year. On this I lived comfortably: my views were not ambitious—I was satisfied. But you must think, to maintain myself, my wife, a son, and a daughter, by such a sum, would not allow a table or a wardrobe very sumptuous. As to laying by—except occasionally a guinea or so, against a wet day, as the saying is—it was out of the question.

"But my boy Tom—You remember your old playfellow Tom, master Penson—Soon after you lest school, he went to live with the 'squire. He was then a smart, genteel lad: the 'squire took a strong fancy to him. Indeed the 'squire seemed much our friend, and Tom pleased him exceedingly; so well, that, about two years after, my daughter Jenny was likewise taken into his service, by his housekeeper, to work on his linen; for she was an industrious wench, and very good at her needle.

"We thought now we were all in luck's way. Like children, master Penson, who, after long labouring to kindle a bonsire under the eaves of their thatched cottage, rejoice at length to see the slames mount, not considering that the consequences may involve themselves and their parents in destruction, we rejoiced in that which sinally involved us in ruin. We are very short-sighted things, master Penson; and, as Dal Canter says in some verses he made the last year he came to school to me,

"Like Bunyan's pilgrims, on enchanted ground, Groping for joys amidst the snares around, We catch at shadows which our grasp elude, Or gain an evil where we hop'd a good."

"Dal was a smart boy, and ready at a rhyme. Excuse me, master Penson, but having repeated these lines, methinks I must needs tell you the occasion of them—it was puerile indeed—but it may serve, nevertheless, as a metaphor of the general M 2 pursuits

pursuits of men, and their disappointments; at least I am sure it may for many of mine, master Penson.—'Twas this:

"Dal going down the garden one moonlight evening, faw an owl in the orchard, and judging, by its feeble wing, that it was a young one, determined to try to catch it. Accordingly he chased it awhile from tree to tree, till by and by he had lost it in the great pear tree at the lower end of the orchard; but, after peeping about some time, he faw the shadow of the owl dart from the opposite side of the tree, and fkim along by the fide of the garden wallthat high wall you know, master Penson, against which the old garden-house leaned. Mistaking the shadow for the bird, and happy to fee it fo near the ground, he darted after it like lightning, and presently came within reach of it, as it was gliding up the fide of the wall, where grasping suddenly at it, not aware that he was fo near the fence, he broke his head against the ftones;

stones; whilst the real bird was winging its way alost in a quite different direction."

This was an owl-chace, Bountly; a boy's pursuit by moon-light. Anxious as I was to hear the particulars of Snell's misfortunes, I was not displeased with this digression; for wherein superior to such an owl-chace are the general pursuits of mankind? Or are they less deceived in broad day, than the boy by the light of the moon? The intrinsic value of what they toil to acquire, if they gain it, is probably not greater than that of an owl; and the shadow even of this they too often mistake for the substance.

Bountly, we are all owl-hunters—grafpers after shadows; who frequently get our heads broken when we think ourselves just within the attainment of our desires. Excuse me, Bountly, if here, led away by old Snell's digression, I detain thee a little longer ere I return.

M 3

The Universal Pursuit.

DISTANC'D, and breathless in a life-long race, Doubtful, yet eager to renew the chace, Here let Experience, pauting here, furvey How wild a motion, darting each wild way, The hope of happiness to human hearts (Frail fire-balls burfting in their course) imparts : For hope, that breath which ever fans defire, New flames enkindling as the old expire ; Inspir'd by hope, however wide we fly, Delve to the centre down, or scale the sky, Like Gama, steer to meet the courfing fun, Or courfing with him, like Columbus run, Point to the arctic, like the mid-day beam, Or shoot antarctic, like the boreal gleam, Whether we drive, glide, double, or digrefs, Alike the drift of all is Happiness.

Like a pack train'd to no peculiar fcent,
Each on his own chance-started game intent,
Whether sprung after with light fancy's leap,
Or trac'd with trotting art's assiduous step;
Run for in generous Emulation's race,
Or slyly sought with Envy's slinking pace;
Under whatever form it be pursu'd,
Or name soever—Pleasure, Power, Good—

By blood-hound malice, as the scent of death,
Spaniel good humour, a pacific breath;
The terrier melancholy in a cave,
Or puppy mirth where frolic's bob-tails wave;
Turn'd out by Hope—Hey forward in full cry,
Hey all for bappiness promiscuous fly;
Yea, though wide starting, as by Hope turn'd out,
So too by Hope still urged to beat about,
Persist till breath or the breeze fail, and then
Catch a fresh scent, and forward fly again.

And this were well; for who would deem the chace Follow'd too keen, that caught him happiness?

Or urg'd too far, that gain'd at last a prize,

Which, never cloying, ever fatissies?

Yes, this were well: but O inebriate Hope!
Mad sportsman! ever driving till we drop;
What boots, or slush'd or faint, the speed we make,
Or how cheer'd on, if ne'er to overtake?
If, as a wild-wisp that still plays about,
Ne'er within reach, though often just without;
Or as a Proteus, ever shifting shape,
This hour an angel, and the next an ape;
The thing called Happiness (a name assign'd,
Alas! to every wanting of the mind)
Be but a magic shade, a graspless shame,
Ever a tempting, still a losing game;

M 4

A va-

A vapour still to catch at, not to gain,

Something to question, nothing to explain?

And is there nothing? Is wise manhood's scheme,

Youth's sanguine wish, and childhood's shapeless dream,

Alike delusion? Still, where'er we beat,

Is what all search for, all alike a cheat?

Or if, the wilderness of life along,

There be one right road among many wrong,

To happiness one right road is there none,

O say, Experience, to point out that one?

None!—Yes, ten thousand.—Who the right can doubt,

Where not some ready index points it out,
Whilst every traveller, though himself be lost,
Is to all others a direction post?
And 'tis alike prescrib'd by all mankind,
Agues to cure, and happiness to find?

"To happiness," through fields by flaughter won,
Th' ensanguin'd hero sternly points you on:
"To happiness" soft love directs the way
Around some little tumulus to play:
"To happiness," amidst the broad day stare
Of pompous pow'r, ambition's vot'ries bear:
"To happiness," enclos'd with coffer'd wealth,
The miser leads through coverts trod by stealth;
So thither too in equipage and dress,
"Allons," the lisp of fashion bids you press:
Whilst

Whilst the lewd sons of dissipation roar, "Lo, Happiness!"—a bottle, and a whore.

"Flagitious falsehoods!"—What, do these disgust? Yes, minds inur'd to abstract things they must. Your taste demands a more scholastic rout; Turn then, and see it trop'd and sigur'd out.

Lo Learning here, more heedful of the phrase
Than of the meaning, points you through a maze
Of metaphysics; and while much it scorns
Its rival road-posts, much of folly warns,
And ignorance; and thus digressing long,
Leaves right in doubt t' enlarge upon the wrong:
At which broad Ignorance and Folly laugh
(Who ne'er lost labour winnowing corn from chass),
And bless their stars, who lest them void of thought,
T' enjoy alike what is, and what is not.

Here see the stoic like a mile-stone stand,
A letter'd thing, without a pointing hand,
Your course expressing; but as something won
Even by standing like himself, a stone:
Whilst where each diverse path-way intersects
Right with the wind, the epicure directs;
Right with the wind—for if you look again,
The pointing hand—What is it?—'Tis a vane.

The

The fuperfitious next, who makes his God,
As humour fuits, a play-thing or a rod;
Map-marking where to crawl, and where to dance,
And where in penance, where in fong advance;
Hung round with amulets, and all aware
Even (yea most) of day-light as a snare;
Pledges you happiness, that thing profound,
If sought in cells where goblins glare around.
Meanwhile the smart freethinker, he whose modes,
Ev'n like a turn-stile, mark'd to point the roads,
Determine nothing, rallies you along
After your nose, and swears you can't go wrong.

Not wrong!—How blind!—Aftonished reason smiles When such broad folly the wise world beguiles; For though, sull many transverse paths among, Reason admit that all may not be wrong, Needs it a clearer evidence than sight,

That paths all transverse cannot all be right?

O turn me then, O turn me from each road, Which, wide from reason, cannot lead to good! And thou, design'd to hold the helm of life, Midst mental and midst elemental strife; To set its bearings, and to steer between Doubt and credulity, the golden mean; Since, like the gleam the gally's stern-lights cast, Experience but illumes the track o'erpast;

Our

Our fore-path dark, unless thy mirror throw, From retrospection, light upon our prow; O, to affist Experience, Reason, come, Cast up life's cyphers, and declare their sum: And, thither if extend thy pow'rs abstruse, O from past errors suture truth educe.

Thus then.—In Reason's sum the world's whole joys, In prospect or possession, all are toys; Inutile things, which man, a peevish brat, Whimp'ring incessant for he knows not what, Calls Happiness: even as the stick they stride Boys call a horse; and capering—to ride: Things which, unequal to his high desire, If chance indulg'd him, in th' indulgence tire; Sweets grossly luscious, which to taste of cloys: Bubbles so brittle, that a touch destroys: False lures, perhaps design'd to tempt the view, By cheating it, to search for something true.

Why then should disappointment heave the sigh, Why forrow's spring-tide swell misfortune's eye; Since what all covet, and for which all post, Are merely baubles, whether won or lost? Baubles which yet, and yet to be obtain'd, Are ne'er complete, or gone as soon as gain'd? As riper age derides the child's despair, When kites fall down, or bubbles burst in air;

Superior

Superior beings, doubtless, when they see Thy disappointments, laugh, O man! at thee.

For, trac'd to their conclusions, and their vse Sought in the happiness their ends produce,
To raise the swelling pile, the sounding name,
T' acquire a fortune, or indulge a flame,
Tho' manhood's sage pursuits, the lure which dra
The world's attention, and the world's applause,
Mark me wherein more rational, more wise,
Than childhood's rage for hunting buttersies?
Or piling cards, which (tho' the school-bell spare)
The fond completion) mocks its utmost care?

Say then, in vain are these desires bestow'd, These hopes of real, of substantial good? Has Heaven to seek inspir'd the wishful mind, Anxious, and endless, what it ne'er shall find; Set it to labour, languish, sweat, and sigh, Merely at last to grean, despair, and die?

No!—The suspicion reason must explode, Incongruous, and unworthy of a God, Whose lighter works the darker thus explain: "Nothing made useless, nought design'd in vain." And if in those within our finite sphere, No trick intent, or empty pomp, appear;

If where blithe Spring her future flow'rs shall prink,
The sightless winter-bud not idly wink;
If the vague breeze that agitates the air,
Effect a calculated purpose there;
If ev'n the thistle-down it wasts away,
Soft bearing suture life, but seem to stray;
Surely the hope that agitates the mind,
Was not a thing without an end design'd,
Nor but to teaze and tantalize the breast,
An idiom there of happiness imprest.

Thus Reason speaks; 'fore whom, at first austere. Tho' Hope funk heartless in th' arrest of Fear, Yet as at last, inferr'd from nature's laws, Of real happiness a hint she draws; Reviving at the found, as, when awoke, Sampson his bonds, the cords and green withs broke, She bursts from durance, and with eager eye Exploring where, prepares again to fly: And, as experience dearly purchas'd proves. He roves erratic who with passion roves. Reason, before a censor, now a guide, Marking th' extreme where good and ill divide, Points the strait path of temperance to trace, Where reason's virtue, virtue happiness: So the deep thunder, which from Sinai spread Its fearful fires o'er froward Ifrael's head.

Ifrael

Israel reclaim'd, a pilot-cloud became, To guide by day, by night a friendly flame.

Come, Reason, then, O relique of that ray Which brighten'd nature's primogenial day : Or if too dim in these degenerate times, Waylaid with errors, and obscur'd with crimes-Too dim thy light thro' thefe fo deep, and dark, The port of hope with certainty to mark-Yet come-but with thee, her whose prospect glass Catches the future ere the present pass: Come, co-affistant, Faith, to clear thy ray, And, left she trip too lightly, thou her stay; O come, reclaim my parlions, curb their fires, Correct the bias of my wild defires; And guide at last my evagating breast, Where Hope's sheer foot on certainty may rest; Where in the bosom of experience foft (At last its solace, tho' its torment oft) Fond expectation, now no more to weep Its disappointments, fatisfied may sleep.

For the prefent, adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

(In continuation.)

BOUNTLY, I will no longer interrupt old Snell's narration.

"I was faying," continued he, "that we were mightily pleased with the thought of Tom and Jenny being in the service of the squire: because, you know, when a branch of one family lives in another, though in an inferior station, it seems to form a kind of connection between them, as such families generally espouse each other's interests."

"Now as the 'fquire is the first man in the parish or neighbourhood, we were certainly proud with the conceit of being under his immediate protection and, as we thought, in the direct road of his favours.

"These ideas possessed us uninterruptedly for some time; but by and by I sound that

Jenny

Jenny was not happy in her place. She would frequently come home; but on such occasions never seemed to enjoy herself, but was ever sighing, and giving indications of uneasiness; yet, if asked what was the matter, never gave any satisfactory answer: at the same time it seemed to increase her inquietude, whenever she was reminded of the time she had been absent from her employment; and she would even then leave us with more than usual reluctance.

"This made me and my wife very anxious, and we talked to Tom about it; but he could give us no information. Well (not to trouble you with our conjectures) this passed on awhile. At length she came home with a bundle under her arm, in great haste and evident disorder, and, slinging herself into the window-seat, fainted away. In this state she continued some time, notwithstanding the means we used to recover her: and when she revived, all we could get from her were tears and sighs,

inter-

intermixed with broken exclamations, which were unintelligible to us.

"We examined her bundle—it was her clothes: from this we guessed she had left her place.

"I immediately went in fearch of Tom—I found him, and enquired the cause of his fister's leaving her service. He was surprised at my question; he had not heard any thing of the matter; but observed, that his master seemed in an uncommon ill humour that day.

"Notable to discover any thing by Tom, I determined to go to the housekeeper; and was crossing the yard that separates the offices from the mansion, when I saw the squire leaning from a window by which I was obliged to pass. As I approached, I made my obeisance, and was proceeding: but he stopped me, I thought rather surlily; though at the same time he seemed to wear a doubtful hesitating aspect, which I could not then account for.

Vol. II.

N

" Snell,"

"Snell," faid he, in a chuff tone, "do you know why your daughter has left my fervice so suddenly? I don't understand such behaviour."

"I remember, while he asked this question he surveyed my countenance with a very critical eye: I however answered very frankly that I did not, and that I was come thither to learn, if possible, the cause; for from her, though she seemed very much perturbed, I could get nothing.

"To this he replied more calmly, that his housekeeper had often told him she was of a wilful obstinate temper: but for his part, he knew nothing of the affair, only he believed she was gone beside herself.

"After a few more questions on his part, and replies on mine, he said, he recollected that he had spoken rather sharply to her that morning, in consequence of a pert answer she made to a reproof he had given her respecting a certain part of her work: but added, it surely could not be on that account

account she had left his service; for that, on his part, he had not thought of it since.

"I replied, that I dared to fay not; but, with his leave, I would enquire of Mrs. Hunt, his housekeeper.

"He replied, I was welcome to enquire, but believed I should return as wife as I went, for that he had been enquiring himfelf to no purpose: and then calling her, with an air of consequence, a worthless thing, who knew not when she was well off, he shut the fash; and I went to the housekeeper, who pretended to be ignorant of any thing that had peculiarly diffurbed Jenny; but observed, that she was in general very pettish, and required too much observation for a person in her station of life: in short, Mrs. Hunt seemed much prejudiced against her; at least I knew that Jenny's disposition must have been much altered to deferve what she said of it. But though I could not tell how to credit, I

I had nothing, however, to advance that could disprove what I heard: so I returned home with a heavy heart, where I found my daughter in a high fever, and her language incoherent.

"I now began to think that what the 'fquire said might have some truth in it, and that she had been affected with an infanity that was growing to a phrensy. Possessed with this idea, we got what affistance for her we could: but the fever was obstinate; it was long before it abated, and when it did, it still left her intellects in a considerable degree impaired. Her vivacity was quite gone. She was ever languid, melancholy, and silent. All this we attributed to the effects of her complaint. We little thought then, master Penson, how the poor thing had been used.

"But, however, Tom all this while went on very well at the 'squire's; and nothing worth repeating happened for near a twelvemonth after; when there was a report pre-

vailed

vailed of the 'fquire's intimacy with one of his upper maid fervants, Hetty Gill. Perhaps you knew her, master Penson; she was old Gill's daughter, the butcher. Well. this report prevailed every day, but nobody talked of it but in a whisper. Tom frequently entertained us with his observations on this subject. But what surprised us, and at the same time led us to conceive there was fomething more than mere fufpicion in this report, was Tom's coming to us one day with more than ordinary archness in his countenance, and, telling us he had a fecret to impart to us, informed us that Hetty Gill had made a kind of a love overture to bim.

"He had observed, he said, that for some time past she had been very particular to him, but that he would never seem to understand her; but that last night she came to him in the hall, and, pretending to busy herself, entered into conversa-

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tion with him on indifferent affairs, which the soon found means to wind round so as to introduce the subject of matrimony; owning it was a state she should have no objection to enter into with a person she liked; that she could not but admire a quick black eye, and a tight made man; adding, quoth Tom, that a person somewhat about my size would be her choice, if she were to choose. She found an occasion, too, to hint what money she was in possession of, and that the Neat's Head alehouse at Burley was now vacant, which was a fine opportunity for those who chose to embrace it.

"Tom concluded this relation with a fignificant wink, which was as much as to fay he was up to all her arts; and, stroking his brows, added, "No, no! no Neat's Heads for me. I'll work for my master, and I'd fight for my master, but I won't marry his ——."

" I checked

abuse: take care of thyself, but no soul-words, Tom."

"I warrant you, father," said he, and off he went.

"But look ye, master Penson. Tom might not have been proof against gold, more than other young fellows in his station, when offered by, and with, a pretty woman (for Gill had a tolerable set of features): but you must know there was a sweetheart in the case. Tom was in love with Betsy Freeman, your landlord's daughter at the Bell; and the event has proved his love was not thrown away there. Poor girl!—But this is not to our present purpose.

"After this, I heard nothing new for about three months. My daughter was now in a deep decline, and melancholy as ever, her poor head far from right. My wife too was fickly, through fatigue in attending on her; when one evening Tom-

came to me in great consternation—" Father," said he, "I'm ruined!"

" How fo, Tom?" faid I.

"I'm ruined for ever," faid he: "that brimstone, Het Gill, is with child, and swears she'll lay it to me.—I'll suffer death before I'll marry her: but I can never look Betsy Freeman in the face again."

"Well, but Tom," faid I, "is the child yours or not?"

" No, by Heaven it is not," faid he.

"Well then," faid I, "make yourself easy; for whatever she may threaten, I can hardly think Gill so very abandoned as to forswear herself."

"You are mistaken," he replied: "she says she can swear to me with a safe con-science.—I'm the cursedest fool in nature," added he, stamping with his foot.

"His gesture raised some doubts in me, master Penson.—"Why, Tom," said I, "I am asraid you have been doing what you should not,"

"It don't fignify," cried he, "'twill all come out; and you shall know the worst. Oh, I could beat my head against the wall. -But she is not with child by me, that is certain.—I'll tell you the whole. Gill, as I have informed you before, had pretended a great kindness for me for some time past, and was always palavering me, and feeking opportunities to be in my company, and to make herself familiar with me. Wherefore I, to be fure, like a fool as I was, could not help fometimes toying with her, though I would at any time almost as foon have toyed with one of my master's spaniels, because I did not like her; but I thought I must be civil, However, nothing ever passed between us but mere play, till about a month ago; when, mafter being from home, we fervants had a bit of a merry meeting one evening, enjoying ourfelves over fome strong beer, and a bottle or two of wine which the butler holp us to. Gill fat by me, was very free, and filled

filled my glass frequently: the other fervants cracked their jokes on us; and it growing late they all, one by one, retired, except the cook, who, having laid in a tolerable dose, lay fnoring in the fettle, and Gill, who never attempted to move. -For my part, as I had drank pretty freely, I really began to grow heavy, and pretended to be more yawning than I really was, in order to induce her to leave me: but it would not do. She in her turn pretended to think me not well, and infifted on my taking a cordial she had by her, of whose efficacy the fpoke largely. 'Twas no use to refuse. I took it. I sat yet a while.—She fancied I grew worse, and insisted on leading me to bed.—Hey day! thought I, where will this end? - Up stairs I went, she leading me by the arm.

"The chamber I flept in had but one bed in it; and John, who used to sleep with me, was gone with master. Well, she led me to my chamber. I was as referved as I could

Father," added he, "I am but flesh and blood; and the plaguy cordial she had given me had set me all on fire. She pretended to think my fancied illness increasing; and, slinging her arms round my neck, exclaimed, 'Lord, Tommy, what shall I do for you?'—We were by the side of the bed; and this unexpected action of hers overpoising me, we both fell on it.—You may guess the consequence: but I'll be sworn I never had to do with her either before or since, and yet 'tis evident now that the jade is half gone."

"I was heartily vexed, master Penson, at this account of things; but reproaches, you know, were to no purpose. Besides, 'twas a critical situation he had fallen in; and I saw he sufficiently felt the consequence of his folly, without my animadversion thereon: wherefore, waving every thing of that kind, I came directly to the important point.

" Well,

"Well, Tom," faid I, "and what's to be done in this affair?"

"Let her swear herself to perdition, if she will," cried he; "I'll never marry her."

"That's fettled then," faid I; "and we must manage matters accordingly."

"Tom after this had a hearing of his mafter, who pretended to believe Gill, and persuaded Tom to marry her. Tom positively resused, and in the height of resentment hinted some things which prudence should have induced him to conceal. But we can't always be prudent under the smart of oppression.—The 'squire was horribly angry, and poor Tom was kicked out of the parlour.

"John (Tom's fellow fervant, and who was his principal intimate of all the family) ran and acquainted me with the circumstance. I immediately went to try to moderate matters; for I dreaded the 'fquire's refentment. I knew his power, master Penson.

Penson. I found him in a terrible rage: however, on my promising to talk to Tom, and engaging that he should ask his pardon, he grew milder, ordered me a horn of his best beer, and allowed me three days to bring Tom to reason, as he called it.

"I accordingly talked to Tom. You must think, master Penson, I could not persuade him to marry the strumpet: but I entreated him to make the best of a bad matter, by asking his master's pardon for the taunts he had given him.

"Tom's spirit is a resolute one, master Penson. I might as well have talked to the winds. He said he had spoken nothing but the truth, and he would not eat his words. His master had used bim ill; not he his master.

"The three days allowed me elapfed, and Tom was still the same: he did his master's business as usual; but they never spoke. The fourth day elapsed, and the fifth:

fifth; and I could not muster up courage to inform the 'squire of my ill success. The fixth day, as I was returning from the village we are now approaching, where I had been to receive some money, I met the 'squire at the gate I noticed to you just now. His countenance fired the moment he saw me. I won't repeat the reproaches I there received, as an ungrateful, salse fellow, who had encouraged, if not incited, my son to scandalize him; nor those threats of vengeance with which he concluded his greeting—vengeance which he has since not failed to pour upon me.

"I went home like one thunderstruck; but wondered that Tom was not turned from his service.—From the circumstance of his being yet retained, I endeavoured daily to console myself with the hope that the 'squire's passion would subside, and that he would forget his resentment. But I was again the dupe of appearance, master Penson.

a report prevailed that the 'squire had lost some plate. This I regarded not much, as it did not occur to me that I could be any way affected by it. But what was my surprise when, two days after, I was informed Tom was under examination for having stolen this plate, part of which was found in his box among his clothes; though far the greater part was missing!

Tom had always preserved the best of characters. But what could be said? Circumstances were plain against him. He denied all knowledge of the thest, 'tis true: but who could believe him? His mittimus was made; and the constables, hardened brutes! took him, of all places in the town, to the Bell, in order to prepare for his journey to prison. What a mortification, master Penson, for poor Tom! He sustained himself very collectedly till he entered the Bell; then his fortitude forsook

him, and he wept like a child; whilft his poor Betfy rushing into the room where he was, and flinging her arms round his neck, funk away on his bosom, insensible, from her affliction. O, master Penson, 'twas fad, very fad.—But I won't trouble you with the repetition. Tom was carried to prison, and about seven weeks after took his trial, was convicted, and transported. I shall never forget when I parted with him. Poor boy! he was grown wife too late. "Father," faid he, "I'm innocent: but I've been a fool. Fortune used me unkindly; and I thought flurdily to flout her into better humour: but the confequence shall teach me in future to foothe rather than provoke my fate.-You advised me, I remember, to make the best of a bad matter. I wish I had fell in with your advice sooner: but henceforth, depend on it, that precept shall be the square of my conduct."-Poor Tom! He attempted to play the hero; but the tear trickled from his

his eye, when, as he shook me by the hand, he faultered out a remembrance to his fond Betsy.

"Fortune, indeed, did use him unkindly, master Penson, and more unkindly than even he was aware of; for, not long after Tom was fent off to the place of his destination, Hester Gill, being taken in labour, and at length delivered of a dead child, furvived herself but a few days after, confesting in her dying moments that she herfelf, to revenge Tom's refusing to marry her, had stolen the plate for which he was transported: that, having procured a key that would unlock his box, the had depofited a part of it there, and had hid the rest in the shrubbery: that her endeavours to coax Tom into wedlock was with the 'fquire's confent: that his not being turned away when he and his mafter quarrelled, was her advice, as to have done otherwise would have defeated her scheme of re-VOL. II. venge:

venge: and that, after his conviction, she had carried the plate back to the 'squire, and confessed the whole affair to him, who commended her spirit, and gave her sive guineas for a present.

"Believe me, master Penson, when I heard this, it made my blood boil; and, notwith-standing my dependant situation, I should have instantly sought the 'squire in order to have upbraided him: but, alas! master Penson, my poor Jenny, my poor daughter, shocked undoubtedly at her brother's destiny, though she seemed to take but little notice of it, was just then dying; and I could not leave her pillow.

"Inher latter moments her fenses seemed more persect than for a long while before. The prospect of death seemed to yield her a pleasure which dispelled in some degree her habitual melancholy. She would frequently survey herself, and say with a sigh, breathed forth through a kind of chastened smile.

smile, "The grave will purify it." Often too would she repeat with peculiar delight, "Corruption shall put on incorruption."

"We little thought then what she really implied by these sorrowful sentences. Poor thing! How was her heart rent! How was her happiness destroyed! She had lost what she esteemed more than life; and death was become alone desirable to her. Her ideas of virtue, master Penson, were from a child very refined. Her soul was purity itself, master Penson.

"A little before she closed her eyes for ever, she called for her stays; and, desiring her mother to rip the lining, she took out a paper. It was sealed up; she gave it into my possession. I was going to break the seal.—She laid her seeble hand on mine, and looking on me with a most commiserating countenance, pathetically exclaimed, "My poor father!—Not yet.—Don't break it yet.—Stay till I'm gone.—'Twill soon be."—And still sixing her eyes

on me repeated again—"My poor father!"
—It overcame me, master Penson. I
dropt the paper, and wept over her.—Her
eyes filled.—The conflict was too great.—
She expired, with the tear on her cheek.

"There, master Penson—there—Such was the end of my poor Jenny.

"After my first emotions were over, I opened the paper: but guess my feelings, master Penson, when I read its contents, which informed me that her beaftly mafter, after having tried all his arts to bring her to his terms, and not fucceeding, at length shamefully forced her, and then, with a pistol at her breast, swore her most folemnly (threatening also me and all her connections with the utmost vengeance, if the refused the oath he proposed) never to divulge what had passed whilst she lived. Instant death, she observed, though she wished not to live, feemed too terrible; and the confideration of what might be the confequence to me, wrought her to a compliance;

ance: though she would not remain longer under his roof. This, of which I have only given you the substance, appeared to have been written at various times, but upon the whole was tolerably connected, and was concluded with an affecting deprecation, that I would forgive her the only fault with which she could accuse herself through the whole affair—that of concealing from me the 'squire's base attempts, before he had perpetrated his villainy, which she had frequently come home with the refolution to do; but that the reflection, that I should certainly fo refent the affront as to draw on me the 'squire's indignation, and of course my own ruin, still sealed her lips.

"I just now bid you guess what I felt on this occasion: but you cannot. I was wild with forrow—I was frantic with rage.—I flew to the 'squire, as to the source of all my calamity, and in the warmth of my feelings unadvisedly upbraided him with his villainy. "He was a good deal confounded when he heard his baseness was known: but presently assuming all his consequence, he ordered me out of his house; telling me I ought to be obliged to him for not having had me transported with Tom; as I was doubtless the receiver of that plate myself, which it was pretended Het Gill had restored him.

"To this, you may think, in my then frame of mind, I did not reply very patiently. The 'squire instantly slew at me in the utmost rage. He was a much stronger man than I. However, I parried his blow; and, instigated by a desire of revenge, attempted to collar him; but was prevented by the servants, who, by their master's command, turned me out of the house.

"Next day I had orders to give up the school—I did so. I tried to retain a day-school; but the squire's vengeance was not yet satisfied. I was represented as a most infamous slanderer, who had endeavoured

to blast the 'squire's character, by repeating the tales of a lunatic; as an abettor of my fon's insolence, and an accomplice in his robbery. And though all the parish, from Het Gill's confession, acquitted me of the latter charge, and Tom with me; yet it was generally believed (at least there were many who pretended to believe) that I had fabricated the story of the rape, to revenge the injustice done to poor Tom. And, to be fure, fuch a notion must have in some degree lessened the compassion of my neighbours for me: but it would not entirely have prevented them from contributing to my support, by entrusting their children to my care, had it not been that they all dreaded the 'squire's resentment: for as, fince the death of your uncle, he is lord of the parish in the utmost sense of the word; that is to fay, as fince then there is no man of any property therein confiderable enough to be a check upon his influence, every inhabitant stands in awe of him, and en-

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deavours to secure his favour by the meanest submission. His will, master Penson, is a law both in the leet and vestry. No wonder then my neighbours withheld from me their support; since, as it was the squire's will they should do so, to have done otherwise would probably have been the ruin of any of them."

And this, Bountly, is become the condition of my once favourite N——. Oh! poffessed I but my patrimony here.— What then?—No matter.—But truly, methinks, I would sooner live under an East Indian nabob, than in one of these little country parishes, which are lorded over by one peerless master. The one surely cannot exhibit a greater degree of tyranny, than the other too often does; with this aggravation to the latter, that it exists in a country where one should expect nothing less; whereas beneath the former one hopes for nothing more.

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There is not any thing, I think, proves the natural equality of mankind, more than their making such savages of themselves, when, by a casual elevation above their fellows, their wills are a little liberated from restraint. We were not made for power, Bountly: we were made to walk the earth with our equals. Exaltation dizzies the eye of humanity.

Society has indeed rendered subordination necessary, as otherwise the execution of justice would be a scene of consusion: but if the superior tyrannize over the inferior, and there be none equally powerful to whom the inferior can apply, as to a counterpoise of authority, the ends of society are defeated.—I know not whence those who plead for desposism deduce the plan of their system; for nature universally, in the light I view it, teaches a mixt government; I mean in its various operation in the vegetable, animal, and planetary worlds. Look where I will, Bountly, methinks

thinks I see something of this balance of power, save in the village of a country squire. But man is too wise to receive precepts from nature, or too proud to regard them.

To live in contention may be disagreeable; yet, however disagreeable, it is better than to live where the air one breathes is hardly allowed us as a native right.

Were I to choose me a habitation, it should not be in a place where one man was so superior to all the rest as to have no opponent, however amiable may be his natural disposition; but, averse as I am to wrangling, for the sake of not witnessing a service neighbourhood, and of enjoying a certain proportion of liberty myself, I would prefer a situation where several authorities of equal influence were, in spite of the perpetual bickerings there to be expected, a check one on the other.

Envy is a base passion; but it is not without its use: 'tis a forcible counterpoise to ambition.

ambition. We are all envious: we are all too, in fome fort, ambitious. But our envy constantly instigates us to humble the ambition of those about us .- But fetting envy aside, are not our bosoms informed with a kind of natural justice, which exults in the downfal of the supercilious? I don't think I envied the 'fquire his power; yet I am fure I was pleased when I saw him yesterday tumble on the stones.-Pleased? -Ay-Wet as the weather is, I'd go five miles in it, to fee him have fuch another fall.—Such over-bearing, unfeeling miscreants !I have no patience when I think of them: it raises me above the natural level of my temper. Let me paule, till I subside into myself.

Now for the sequel of poor old Snell.

[&]quot;I was now, master Penson," continued the poor old man, "at my wit's end. I knew not which way to turn me to acquire the

the least support. I considered myself as one whom Providence had marked for a peculiar object of vengeance; and I could not fometimes, in the bitterness of my heart, forbear challenging of Heaven a reason how I had fo deferved its indignation. This was wrong, to be fure; for we ought certainly to endure with patience what is appointed for us: but we are not all Jobs, master Penson. However, I endeavoured to draw a kind of wretched comfort from the thought that fortune had now done its worst: but this, like all the other consolations I had formed to myself in my calamities, was foon at an end; for in less than a week after my daughter's death, John (poor Tom's fellow fervant) came one night late to the cottage whereto we had retired when we left the school, and informed me (for John loved us for his intimate poor Tom's fake, and pitied our misfortunes) that the 'fquire had put me in the spiritual court for defamation, and

and that I might expect to be served with a process in a day or two. John had received this account, he said, from the valet, as a secret, and he had every reason to believe it true.

"This was a thunderstroke to me. A thunderstroke! 'Twas worse. That probably would have ended my existence; and I should thereby have forgotten my wrongs: -but this suspended every faculty of my foul, except that I wished suspended—that which informed me I was miferable. A wicked man, mafter Penson, having once done you an injury, ever after hates you, and purfues you with wrongs, however patiently, and without retaliation, you may bear them; but wherefore I know not, except it be that his conscience views the eye of the injured as a glass, ever reflecting on him his own injustice; and which confequently he would fain, were it in his power, utterly demolish.

"How I should have acted, or what step I should I should have taken in this emergency, I know not, had not John very good-naturedly endeavoured to hearten me up with the hope that the 'squire's enmity might probably in a little while be mitigated, and in the mean time advised me to go out of the way.—I acceded to his advice.

It was the latter end of harvest: and I thought I would go to some distant place. and, though it was a thing I was totally unused to, yet as it was unlikely I should foon get in a line I was better qualified for, I hoped to procure me a little food by reaping, or other harvest employment. But the thoughts of leaving my poor old woman almost frustrated my resolves, and how to provide for her was beyond my invention: but to stay with her as things were fituated, would not have been to affift her; and, eager to have me out of the reach of danger, herself urged me instantly to be gone. There was no time to be loft. We wept together, master Pen-

fon.

fon. Truly our poor old eyes were not yet dry from the tears that gushed over our daughter's grave. We had lived happily together, and 'twas hard thus to part. She came with me to the door—'T was a blusterous windy night.—She tied a handkerchief round my neck—" My poor Snell," said she, as she buttoned the ends in my bosom.

The words were nothing; but the manner, the look, with which they were delivered—I can never forget it, master Penson."

(Bountly, had I mer the 'squire at the stile old Snell was getting over, when he related this part of his story, averse as I am to tilting, I think I should have given him a poke in the guts.)

"By the time the fun rose next morning," continued the old man, "I was near twenty miles from home. However, I proceeded till the afternoon before I asked employment; and before night was so fortunate as to engage myself. Next day I went

I went to the field. My new work was very aukward to me, and, unused to labour in the sun, it greatly satigued me; my earnings were consequently very small: but I should have made shift to have saved a trisle over and above my expences, had not I unfortunately the sourth day, through haste to make a good day's work, cut my singers so desperately with the hook as to be unable to proceed in my labour: in short, so bad, master Penson, that you see I have lost the use of them.

"To complete my misfortune, I next morning received a message by a neighbour (for I had concerted with my wife the route I had taken), informing me that my poor old Barbara fell dangerously ill the second day after I left her, and lay, when the messenger came away, with little hopes of recovery.

"Not to see her, not to be by to sooth her, to nurse ber, master Penson, who had so assiduously attended and nursed me in

every

every affliction, was worse than death to me, and I determined to risk every thing rather than let her languish alone. Besides, my spirits were now so broken by crowding missortunes, that I wished only to see her, and die with her.—Well as I loved her, I wished her not to live; no more than I wished for existence myself, which was now become a burthen to me.

"I arrived at my cottage. - I haftened to her bed with a heart overcharged with woe.-But my wife was delirious; she did not know me; she took no notice of me, master Penson. This was more cutting to me than every thing else I encountered. I had promised myself the sad pleasure of hearing her complaints, of communicating my own forrows; but I now mourned to one who regarded not my grief, who beheld my affection with an unnoticing eye; who reposed not in my bosom it wonted confidence. One lucid moment only she cast her eyes on me, and faintly exclaimed Vol. II.

- 'My Snell!'-but the interval elapsed, before she could finish the sentence. Could The have commanded her fpeech, whatever unknown miseries she might have communicated, I should have been comparatively happy.—But I indulge myself too much on this subject; for I had not been long at home before my return, as I have reason to believe, was reported nearly all over the parish; and I heard from all who came to fee me (who were indeed but few) that I had to expect the consequences of the 'squire's resentment, and that speedily.-They told me the truth. Next morning the apparitor ferved me with a citation; but, enquiring into the circumstances of the affair, he humanely advised me to go to the 'squire and humble myself; and enlarging on the dangerous fituation I was in, even offered to accompany me, in order to intercede in my behalf.—I accepted his mediation, and went with him to the 'fquire; to whom the submissions I made were too mean,

and the indignities I received too debasing, to be related (but I then would have said or suffered any thing rather than have been separated from the side of my expiring wise).—I will only inform you, that before he would condescend to drop the prosecution, he obliged me to give him a bond for sifty pounds, in lieu of damages he pretended his character had suffered from me; and for the not suing of which upon me I was to depend on his generosity. This bond he has still against me, and I am threatened with it every day.

"My wife died soon after this; and I being a cripple in one hand, was reduced to the greatest distress; for I had been obliged to sell the best and greatest part of my furniture to pay the funeral expences of my wife, whom I buried in the same grave with my daughter.

"At length the 'fquire, I believe to have me more immediately under his hard hand, and to make me feel yet more his power

over me, sent for me, and ordered me to attend in his gardens and fields, to do fuch work as occasion might require; for which he allows me four shillings per week: but as my arm is now tolerably ftrong, though my fingers are contracted, I think I could get better wages if I dared. But he knows I dare not leave his fervice, and therefore allows me barely enough to keep me above ground:-indeed I have no reason to wish myself above it, except it be once more to fee poor Tom. Could I fee him, master Penson (a pleasure I have, alas, little probability of ever again enjoying), I could, after all my miseries, forgive my oppressor, and die in peace."

Here, Bountly, our old master concluded his narrative. I know thou wilt commiserate his sufferings, and curse the author of his woes. Cannot we put our mites together for his relief?—Think of it, Bountly. Certainly we can devise something.—Has

Has he not been hardly dealt with?—O Providence!—But whom shall we blame—Heaven who permitted his misfortunes, or man who inflicted them?

It don't fignify talking, Bountly-there must be a future state, or Providence must be branded with injustice. What but a life of future happiness, can compensate the wrongs our old mafter has fuffered in this? Nothing this world affords can compenfate them. The faithful partner of his cares—what can recal her to his arms?— His darling Jenny, despoiled like an opening flower gathered by some cruel hand, and cast aside to wither in the oblivious shade, who shall restore her to comfort his drooping nature? Deprived of support in the decline of life, and without a friend, in an inhospitable world—O Bountly! I would not but be a christian for all that time can produce; and I would not but believe in a future state, to be made emperor of the universe: for without such a dependence

dence I could not have patience to endure life. Life!—what! to observe "the oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, and the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes?" No—were this all, I should soon "my own quietus make, though with a bare bodkin."

I have been writing all day, except the time necessary to meals. At dinner, I again saw poor Betsy Freeman. She is exceedingly reserved; but knowing what I know, methinks this renders her character the more interesting. She seems fond of indulging a melancholy which is growing into a habit; but though on certain occasions it seems rather to obscure her intellects, yet in general she tolerably possesses her faculties.

I got her to make me a dish of tea this afternoon; during which time I was so fortunate (a thing difficult to accomplish, I find) as to draw her into conversation:

when

if the half finished sentences of two such folks as the and I can be called converfation. However, I discovered enough of her fentiments to be pleased with them. They were indeed superior to what I should have expected from one in her station; but I remember hearing my loft Linny formerly speak of her as a girl whose ideas were not absolutely on the level of the commonalty -Station? Nonfense!-Station does not teach us to feel; it only teaches different modes of expressing our feelings. Had I not previously resolved to give thee old Snell's story while it was fresh in my memory, I could with pleasure have spent the whole evening with her; methinks I could have entered into the spirit of her griefs, and counted her out figh for figh. She has a foul, Bountly; and that I doubt is more than can be faid of half the world .- Poor thing ! may Heaven ere long dispel the gloom that furrounds thee. Indeed there are moments

P 4

when a ray of hope seems to illuminate her features—her eyes posses then a vivacity which reminds me of the fire which animates Miss Brudenell's. But how did that idea obtrude itself here? Bountly, there is (but I tell thee nothing new in saying so) a weak part in my heart, which is still assailable. My head indeed is ever admonishing my bosom, that it ought obstinately to hold out against one who can grant it no terms; whilst my bosom, on the contrary, is often urging me to propose conditions. But no, Bountly, it must not be.—Grant terms? Has she not already granted all she ought?—But no more of this.

I will not bid thee write to me, as I have already told thee where to direct, and shall expect thy greetings at the appointed place. To-morrow I pursue my journey, at all events.

Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

P

What tho' the pride of manhood may conceal
The filly foftness which his heart-strings feel,
Yet who, retracing childhood's simple scene,
The man still pausing where the child had been,
But, o'er the spot recurring to the joy,
Would fain compound for pleasure with the boy?

BOUNTLY, who among mankind will undertake to draw the line of distinction betwixt trisling and acts of importance? Most of those who attempt it, I am apprehensive, are vastly out in their adjustment; at least, if they are not, I am.

Not long fince, in order to please some young folks of my acquaintance, I engaged in the construction of a paper kite. My adult friends thought it a filly business, and viewed my labours with a sneer.

Soon after, to oblige one of these, I copied

copied a landscape.—How was the work admired! How happily was the piece executed! What an elegant, what a rational amusement was painting ! - And why not toy-making? Indeed, if we confider them abstractedly, we shall find perhaps very few of the pursuits of mankind to be of real utility. For my part, I cannot but account the major part of human transactions as trifling, and think chuck-farthing an amusement equally rational as a game at whist; and to carve a buzzling stick, as ingenious as to pen an enigma. In fact, to own the truth, if I have a preference, I must give it in favour of the amusements of children, rather than of men. When I mix in the frolics of children, my mind truly relaxes. Their little fouls enter fo entirely into their engagement, that 'twould be ungenerous to fuspect them of finister defigns; confequently one's faculties need not mount guard against them, in order to avert that impoimposition which experience teaches us perpetually to expect from man.

But on what a subject am I sallen!—The tracing the scenes of my childhood in N—, has engaged me in what thou wilt call puerilities. It has indeed; and I would now methinks readily relinquish the boasted wisdom of mankind, to enjoy again the simple unadulterated pleasures of the child. For though I can now partake of the amusements of children, I can by no means relish them with their extreme gust.

Thou knowest Hodden's Ford—I passed it in my journey hither from N— (for I am now halting in my road to R——). Some boys on the shore were diverting themselves with making ducks and drakes. Little chits! their attempts were bungling, yet was their delight complete. No thought wandered from the surface of the water, except to find another stone to throw in.

Why cannot I be as happy as they? thought I.—I took up a stone—the boys were

were too much engaged to attend to me; and, instead of attending to myself, my thoughts rambled on a disquisition of the cause of that exquisiteness of enjoyment which so enrapt those around me; consequently the pleasure I hoped to share with them, sled me.—However, I cast the stone. "That's a pretty one, Sir," said a little urchin, who stood near me.—"Why was it a pretty one?" said I.—"Because it dipped and dipped so many times," said he.

A boy at that instant flung another stone, which passed along the surface of the water without dipping, till at length it sunk in the flood.—" And was not that a pretty one too?" said I.—" That! No, Sir, not a pretty one at all," said the boy.—" Why so?"—" Why, because it never dipped," said he.—Even so, thought I, is it in human life. Calmness and serenity, though we talk of them as situations desirable, we scarcely ever relish experimentally. We like chequered scenes, ups and downs. Downs!

no—we like ups; but downs are the confequence of ups, or the Almighty would barely be fafe from human ambition.

While I was thus thinking, a boy flung another stone, which dipped at first, then rose to a great height, and descended on the opposite side of the ford.—" There! there! there!" was the cry of all the boys, while this extraordinary stone passed.

Ah! thought I (instead of entering into the spirit of pleasure that possessed my companions), that is an emblem of the prosperous man. What savourites of Providence are some of the human race! They come into the world, indeed, like the rest of their brethren, and quit it again in the same manner as others; but the whole intermediate space shall be nothing but a train of honour, wealth, and pleasure. Yet these are in themselves frequently some of the least amiable among men (prosperity is but an indifferent school to humanize

the heart in)—and I presently saw that among the boys, who were now all emulative of throwing these mounters, the most aukward were the most successful; whilst to cast a stone that should frequently rebound from the surface of the water, required a hand of some little skill: wherefore I concluded with the maxim of the old philosopher, that true greatness consisted not in never falling, but in rising after a fall.

But I had hardly dropped the pursuit of this idea, when an aukward hand indeed cast a stone, which skimmed the water a sew yards, seldom mounting above its surface. Ah! that's poor Penson, thought I; poor melancholy Penson! who, once plunged in despair, could never after lift his dejected head!—The stone sunk unheeded of all but me and him who cast it, and who only accompanied its descent with a disappointed "Pish!"—Heaven's will be done, thought I; yet happiness is a thing desirable, and I would be happy if I could.

(Per-

(Perhaps thou wilt hardly credit me in this, and methinks I hear thee pronounce, "Sylvia."—Ah, Bountly! but thou knowest my heart.)

And thus, my friend, at every cast, reflection threw off the pleasure I wished to partake, and which a vacant mind might have permitted to have taken possession of it: and thus does it serve me in most cases where a pleafure feems to approach me. Not that I think reflection absolutely inimical to enjoyment; but the human nerve, like the ftring of a lute, though when tuned it yields fweet music to the external touch-yet, like the same string, if its peg be let down, though played on with the most exquisite skill, vibrates still discordant; nevertheless (and to which effect I obferved before), the music of my constitution, though its wild notes frequently run off extravagantly, even from the flighty subjects of children, is certainly more in harmony with their vagaries than the artifice of menBut I will trouble thee no longer with these whimsies, which I give language to now only by way of amusement, whilst I rest at a little inn on the road; for I am yet on foot, and have rambled rather out of my way to recognize a place where once—— But it is weakness—nay, is it not folly, thou wilt say, to open wounds by art, which art should rather be employed to heal? Yet to irritate the forming cicatrice, though dangerous, is sometimes attended with a pleasure not to be foregone.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

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THE

MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART VII.

PENSON IN PRISON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

ALAS, my Bountly! where am I? I write to thee from a prison! My Bountly, thy friend writes to thee from a prison, and loaded with ignominious fetters. Can it be? I dream—oh that I could wake to a more joyful certainty! I view my prison bars—I feel the walls—I question myself—Alas, why? The clank of my own chains Vol. II.

is conviction. Great Disposer of all events, how have I deferved this? Why didft thou call me into being, to heap miseries on me? Hast thou furnished my bosom with sensibilities merely in order to put them to the rack? If I am to suffer the shame of villainy, why hast thou informed my foul with fuch a detestation of the crime? I could bear to suffer, but not to suffer as a villain. O Bountly, thy friend is considered as a criminal—is accounted a pest of society! Need I tell thee I am innocent? Oh no !- yet I will. Penson can aver, before him who fees his heart, before that Providence which he cannot but think cruel to him, that he never, no not in thought, did an injury to his fellow man; yea more, that he never felt a pleasure in which the happiness of another was not included. Yet is he considered as a rushan, as one whose existence the safety of society requires to be terminated. My life! It has long been but a burthen to me—to lose it startles

me not. I could be content to die unnoticed, and be forgotten: but to be pointed at in my last moments by the singer of obloquy; to be remembered, and remembered with contempt; to be the subject of—O Bountly! I cannot proceed—my imagination overpowers me, my head grows dizzy, my * * *

Come, my pen! but for thee I should be void of all solace. Here immured from the conversation of all others, thou art my only friend. Though distance separate, though walls intervene, though bars of iron forbid every other outgoing, yet thou canst drain the trembling sensation from my soul, bear it to my Bountly, and introduce it to his bosom. By communicating sorrow, will it abate? To repeat grief, will it blunt its edge?—Grief? I know not if the sensation I feel be that of grief. My soul seems to have revolted from itself. 'Tis all uproar and perturbation; my faculties

are bewildered; I am ever fearching for myself—" Penson, where art thou?" In the dwelling of scorn, in the shackles of contumely.—Can it be? Yes verily.—"O omniscient dispensation!"—but I dare not arraign. "O social connections!"—but I cannot reason.

My dear Bountly, I know I need not, on the reception of this, defire thee to haften to thy friend, thy innocent friend.—Innocent! Cannot I draw confolation from that idea? Alas! it rather incites my breaft to rebelagainst-whom? No, I will not murmur, if possibly my foul can support its burthen. Yet what avails innocence, if it be mistaken among men for guilt, and difregarded by that power from whom it is taught to expect protection? To reason is one thing, to feel is another. I know myself innocent, I feel myself oppressed; yet will not the consciousness of my innocence alleviate the fense of my oppression. Is it necessary then that the bullion of virtue, to circulate

at its full value, even in a virtuous breaft. be stamped with the opinion of mankind? Even fo. My sufferings were nothing, would but my fellow mortals give me credit for my innocence. Were I justified in their opinion, though confined in this den of despair, these massy bars would lose their horror, these rugged walls their gloom, and I could even play with my fetters. Gracious God! How uncertain is the happiness of mankind, thus committed to the keeping of each other! No, Bountly, I am wrong-it cannot be-but do thou come and fet me right; restore me to that confidence I am on the point of giving up, confidence in the justice of the dispensations of Heaven. Yes-come, my Bountly, and confole thy friend, who, though inured to adversity, was not prepared for this stroke. Come, and let me breathe in thy bosom, before that breath be taken from me.

Heavenly thought! Linny, dear departed angel! dost thou notice the distress of thy once dear Penson? If thou dost, thou knowest his innocence, thou wilt be his advocate in the court of heaven. My sister—ah, my sister!—these eyes are forbid to explore thy abode, these arms to embrace thee, and this heart to administer comfort to thee! — Sylvia too!—Bountly! I must not venture to think that way—my bosom is torn with a whirlwind.

But I lose in unavailable exclamation the purport of my writing, which was to hasten thee to me, and to request that thou wouldst bring with thee the letter I wrote thee from T—y: it may possibly be of service to me.—Yet why should I wish to live? What are my prospects, that life should be desirable?—Yet let me not die the death of the wicked! O no—let not my name be consigned to infamy.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

R----

In the letter I wrote thee a few hours ago, requesting thy presence with me, the perturbation of my mind prevented my entering into a detail of particulars; though a cooler moment convinces me of the necessity of giving thee such a detail, in order to enable thee to judge of my situation, and consequently of the need I stand in of thy assistance. But certainty is seldom aware how easily uncertainty can err.

This day, which now closes over me with fuch unparalleled heaviness, opened with a beautiful morn; early to enjoy which, I quitted P—, a small village, where I had rested the night past, and was strolling along the great road, within about four miles of R—; when, a few yards beyond the cross-road leading to W—, I saw Q4

fomething glitter before me. It was a gold-headed cane, and a yard or two farther lay a glove. I picked both up; and suspecting a mishap had befallen some passenger, looked eagerly about, to discover, if possible, of what kind: but nothing occurring farther to strengthen conjecture, I moved onward, carrying the glove and the cane in my hand, with the hope that the rightful owner might have passed, and claimed them.

In this manner I proceeded near two miles. The anxiety I at first felt to restore the lost goods, began to abate. The mind of man, like a pool of water, is agitated by every thing that glances on its surface; and the last thing that excites emotion, though but a fly, helps to weaken the effects of the preceding.

Some ruins, which to my passing eye feemed to nod in melancholy silence through the tattered veil of surrounding time-worn groves, beguiled my attention.

Thou

Thou knowest my predilection for the gloomy scenery of mouldering arches, where a variety of broken ideas rush together over a disjointed fragment, and fix the soul in that kind of doubtful rapture which is yet without a name.

I quitted the road to indulge my fancy: indeed, my friend, I may fay, that for a temporary amusement I quitted the path of my duty. I had the property of another in my possession; and I ought to have kept the road, where only there was a probability of its being claimed. I wished to restore it, but persevered too shortly in the endeavour:—a trissing error indeed! and which I certainly should have overlooked, did I not even now feel the bitter consequence.

I had passed the little valley which separated the road from the ruins; and was making my way (for there was no path) through the brakes which bristled over the the opposite ascent; when, casting my eyes back, I saw three men coming from the road

I thought they eyed me eagerly; but I was fo intent on proceeding to the object of my digression, that the thought glanced away on the instant of its intrusion: nay, I did not even observe that I had dropt that glove I so lately had found; and which lying just over the gate, it seems, had directed the eyes of these men to me.

I had reached the ruins; and, ushered by the chatter of innumerable daws, had entered beneath its ivied arches; when, on turning an angle which led into a lofty vault, I observed in the opposite corner a fire of sticks kindled beneath a broken arch; and before it an old man, whose grey locks waved on the tattered cape of a many-coloured coat, sitting on a stone. He had stuck two forks of wood in the ground, and by that means suspended over the fire a kettle, in which he was preparing his repast; whilst his ass was solacing himself with the nettles that skirted the walls. I

had

had accosted him; and was, from the content expressed in his countenance as well as language, led on the moment to examine the necessity of focial connection. -Already had I mentally exclaimed, "Wherein does it exist? Is it not as much a fophism of the lazy to secure themselves from labour, as an argument of the weak to fecure themselves from the overbearing?—Do we not create even the very wants we lament ?-How is man naturally fo forlorn a creature?-For instance—how little is this man indebted to fociety! yet he appears to have all that which fatisfies him. Lo, stripped of his unnecessaries, what a simple thing is man."-Thus, Bountly (for I now edge industriously on indifferent particulars, in order to evade the weight that oppresses me). was my fancy (for I will not call it judgment) balancing anchorism against sociality, when the same three men I had obferved at the aforementioned gate rushed fudfuddenly through the avenue; and, pinioning my arms to my fides, declared me their prisoner.

Surprise for the first moment rendered me mute; but, the next, indignation inspired me with utterance, and I demanded on what cause? When one of the three, with a most savage grin, instead of answering me, pointed to the cane I had in my hand; whilst another of them held up the glove (which I then first perceived my loss of) to my view.—That grin, Bountly! 'tis now imprinted on my heart! That nod of contempt! a nod of the fabled Gorgon could not more have disconcerted 'Twas the triumph of inhumanity over supposed transgression.-However, I presently comprehended the whole-namely, that I was taken for a thief; and that idea, together with the behaviour of my captors, fo shocked me, that, though I endeavoured to exposulate, I believe my sountenance, to a common observer, must

have appeared as the index of guilt. Those around me certainly fo read it; for all I got from them were short replies of no decided meaning, the shrugs of incredulity, or the taunt of ferocious exultation. Meanwhile, they fearched my clothes, I suppose for pistols; but finding none. they turned away to the old mendicant (who, astonished at the scene, had made to his wallet, which lay at a little distance. probably to fecure it); and doubtless thinking him my confederate, instantly seized him and his wallet. It was in vain he remonstrated; he was pinioned, and in a moment led off with me towards the road.

Then it was that my bosom had to experience a sensation hitherto unknown to it, arising from the malediction of a sellow creature. For the old man, in the midst of his asseverations of innocence, reslecting on the loss of his ass, and the destruction of his repast, which the savages had kicked

kicked down with malevolent pleasure, cast on me a look of the most indignant accusation, and cursed me in the bitterness of his heart. The blood ran backward to mine, Bountly, from the encounter of a missfortune in which my feelings were so inexperienced.—Poor old man! I forgive him. He thought he had cause. His all, though little, was at stake: in that little, doubtless all his ideas concentered. That lost, every nerve was tortured, and he had only ability less him to curse.

Happy he whose passions, when stirred to a certain pitch, ferment into indignation, and vent themselves in the froth of expression. Mine, alas! however agitated, ascend not to my brain—they settle round my heart, and sink me perpetually in the most pensive reveries.

We had now regained the road, where we found a young effeminate fop playing with his dog, whilft he held his horse by the bridle. The moment he saw us come

over -

over the gate, and make towards him, he demanded, in an evident tremor, if the pistols were secured—and, being assured I had none about me, he came hastily up; and taking the cane from the sellow who had taken it from me, I verily believe would have struck me with it, had he not been prevented by the others.—I am not inclined to blows, 'tis true; but I believe, had I not been pinioned, the unmanly behaviour of this being of doubtful gender, would have stimulated me beyond my constitutional patience. But, as it was, I could only repay his insolence by looks.

He ordered the men to search me for a watch he said he had lost. They did so; and found in my pocket that I had received so mysteriously at T—y. But, Bountly, what was my surprize, to hear the rascal, on the first glance of it, claim it as a watch I had robbed him of that morning. I was going now to expostu-

late,

late, spite of my resentment. But, ere I opened my mouth, I faw the impossibility of getting credit for what I should fay refpecting the manner of my acquiring the thing in question. This consideration effectually fealed my lips .- O Heaven! thought I, my accuser is a villain; yet will he triumph over me, for occasions are all combined against me!-What a predicament am I in! Innocent, yet in the power of conviction !- That letter only which I wrote thee, Bountly, from T-y, can I produce as a testimonial (and I hope it will be in thy power to enable me to produce it) that I had the watch previous to this day; though I am told even that can flead me very little.

Alas! how imperfect and pervertible are all human institutions! Laws made for the punishment of offenders, it is in bis power to turn against the most conscientious, who, incited by a thirst of gain, instigated by revenge, or deceived by appearances.

pearances, has the rashness to make a positive oath.—Yet it is better that the innocent sometimes suffer, than that the guilty escape. O reason, reason! Alas! my feelings will not there allow thy decision.

Taunted with criminality, threatened with ignominy, and triumphed over with favage brutality—every paffing eye gazing on me with a kind of cruel compassion, more cutting than cenfure itself-even thus, my Bountly, was I (were we, I should rather fay), led along towards R-It was vet early when we arrived there: and would the earth have opened and closed over me before I entered it, I could have preferred fuch a deftiny; and that merely from the recoiling of my heart at the idea of being confidered by its inhabitants as a villain. 'Tis true, from the early hour, the streets were not greatly incommoded with gazers; yet so confounded was my fortitude at the conception of it, that I could not lift my eyes to the windows, VOL. II. left

left I should there meet a glance accusing me of a crime I had it not in my power to clear myself of. Innocence and guilt, wide are your extremes, yet your appearances fometimes how fimilar! Perhaps the nicest eye cannot on certain occasions diftinguish your effects on the human countenance.-Frost and fire will equally redden the face, yea even to the bliftering the fkin.

We were conveyed to a magistrate's. He was not rifen. However, after waiting half an hour in a bleak court-yard, we were ordered into a large hall, where he foon after made his appearance. countenance had a cast of benevolence which encouraged me, though he affected to impress thereon a stern austerity.

The justice having enquired, in general terms, into the affair, and being about to administer the oaths, I defired to be heard previous to their being given; as, if my word gained credit, it would prevent puppy, my accuser, whom (from his phrases, and certain circumstances which I gathered from his discourse) I now discovered to be an attorney's clerk in the neighbourhood, objected to this, as being contrary to form, and insisted on being sworn. He was so full of words, that the justice, though reluctant, could not but comply. And now, Bountly, without the least hesitation, he made oath that, in the grey of the morning, this day, by presenting a pistol, and threatening his life, I had robbed him of twenty guineas, his watch, and a gold headed cane.

The magistrate put all the questions to him I could have wished, respecting the early hour, the certainty of my person, the doubtfulness of twilight, and the identity of the watch; but he was still positive in his affertions, without even qualifying them with a possibility of a mistake; and the others, who had apprehended me, cor-

R 2

roborated

roborated his oath, by their depositions respecting the articles being found on me. Guess, Bountly, the situation of thy friend!

The magistrate now turned to me, and eyed me attentively; eyed me with a look which feemed to indicate, that it would give him pleasure to find me guiltless. This inspirited me to relate the whole I knew of the affair more connectedly than I otherwise could, and to affert my innocence in the most steady terms. - But I had fcarcely ended, when, with a countenance fadly changed, he told me he was forry to find my defence so imperfect; and that, unless I could produce some proof of my innocence besides words, he could do no otherwise than commit me. A moment's reflection, Bountly, convinced me he could not do otherwise, and I acquitted him of all partiality; but oh, what I felt at the word commitment, is not to be expressed! It was not merely loss of liberty that affected me-I felt a fensation attached to the

the idea of a prison, which, though I at this moment pungently feel, I cannot adequately describe.

Thus, Bountly, a mystery which I cannot develope—either of design, which I can hardly suppose; or of misapprehension, which seems improbable—has entangled me like a sly in a web; like a baleful spider, has empossoned my good name, and threatens me with destruction.

Night approaches, my Bountly: I must quit thee. The gaoler has a forbidding look; I cannot ask him for lights. Yet how shall I pass the tedious hours, when incapacitated to converse with my friend?

Night, dreary night! in fable pall array'd, How doubly drear in this unhallow'd cell, Where broods despair on apprehension's bed, And wakeful horror counts the hourly bell!

Haply the lines that mark you rugged wall, To monstrous shapes transform'd by twilight gloom,

Some guilt-rais'd spectre once appear'd to scrawl,
Whilst in each stroke a murderer trac'd his doom.

R 3

O ghastly

O ghastly idea! How shall I get rid of thee?

Soft fleep! who, nature's timid eye to spare
Night's cheerless view, thy silken veil dost draw,
Hopeless to thee ascends the prisoner's pray'r,
To spread thy curtain o'er a bed of straw.

Yes, truly, my Bountly! a bed of straw is all the accommodation of thy friend. Whether a better could have been procured I know not, nor indeed is it of any import. That is equal, probably, to what the old mendicant will repose on; yea, perhaps he will bless his fate if he get so soft a lodging.—Poor man! I forgot to tell thee he was acquitted. Providence only persecutes thy friend.

Good night.

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W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

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Morning.

THANKS, gentle dawn! whose commiferating twilight, peering through these bars, enables me again to pour forth my soul into the bosom of my friend.

Alas, poor Tray!—Yesterday I was so absorpt in selfish sorrow, that I had forgotten my faithful dog: and probably even till now I had forgotten him, had not a whining all night under the walls of my prison, at length reminded me that it might possibly be him. 'Twas Tray indeed. I sprung to the window with the earliest light; and spied him watching within a few yards of the door, with the eye of perfect sidelity; whilst at intervals the complaint of impatience would escape him, as it were, in spite of his endeavours.—"Tray! Tray!"—

R 4

He

He recognized the voice of his master: he sprung to the window.—" No, Tray, no entrance! Thy master is a prisoner."

Poor fellow! he seemed to understand my accent. He drooped; he reslected, I believe, my own looks.—"Thou hast thy liberty, Tray! enjoy it."—He whined.—"What, wouldst thou be a prisoner rather with thy master?"—He sprung again to the window.—"Why so thou shalt then; I will procure thy admission, if possible."—He is watching at the window now.—Bountly, if I were not a christian, I should be a Pythagorean: though even that system would not enable me to account for the sensibility and sidelity of a dog.

I have spoken to the gaoler for Tray's admission; but, not deigning me a reply, he lest me in suspense.—I have been reflecting, since, that possibly there needs something more than words to procure a favour here. But, alas! that something I

am nearly deprived of: for those who apprehended me rifled me of what cash I had, on pretence that it was part of the property loft by the attorney's clerk. I shall write to G- for remittance. Yet why? I shall be supplied here with what will just support nature; and may not that suffice ?- If I solace my body, will it comfort my mind? Alas, no! Or why should I labour to preserve it for a disgraceful end?—Bountly, I cannot touch that tring but my foul revolts; and, were is in her power, would take arms against the decrees of Providence.—O Heaven! overlook these paroxysms which thy heavy hand excites in my bosom!

I long for thy arrival, Bountly. I promise myself the restoration of tranquillity from thy sympathy and prudent admonition.

Tray is gone, Bountly; I can eye him no more, neither appears he to my call.

Heavens!

Heavens! has the rascal injured my

out to included it inc

Weak man! why art thou so perturbed at so paltry a loss?——Paltry! Shall I not blot the word?—My dog was never so dear to me as at this day.—Alas, why? I suffered, and had none to sympathize with me but poor Tray.——Sweet sympathy! what a cordial art thou to the suffering heart!—"Ay, but the sympathy of a dog!"—Better than none; and shave lost even that.

Afternoon. ——Never more, my friend, let me arraign the decrees of Providence!—Though yet "my life be fet upon a cast, and I must stand the hazard of the die," yet will I hope—yet will I trust in that power, who from a seeming evil oft produces real good. ——Wise Disposer! hencesorth, if thou chastize, let me not thereaster, like a peevish child, refuse

refuse that consolation thy benevolent disposition shall tender me!—Long ago thou didst deprive me of that on which I had set my heart; and even till now have I repined!—Thou placedst a retribution within my reach! but I credited not thy overtures, and continued to indulge my chagrin; till, like a fond parent, thou hast condescended to soothe me into thy favour, and to close my hands on thy kindness!

Sylvia—(O Bountly, what unexpected happiness!) Sylvia Brudenell, the riend of my Linny, the friend, the more than friend of her Penson, has visited him in this cell of despair, and again shed abroad the rays of hope in his benighted bosom; again revived life in his dejected heart;—ah, more!—uncovered the embers, and revived the latent slame, which he thought the waves that washed away his Linny had totally extinguished.

Truly, Bountly, thou wast in the right.
Often

Often hast thou told me that Sylvia could only confole me for the loss of thy fifter .--But, alas! I wished not for comfort; and though oft, when Sylvia has wept with me, I felt an emotion which almost tempted me to kiss the precious pearls from her checks, yet I ever checked it, as a temptation to profane my grief. And after, when forrow gaveway to milder melancholy, and when ferenity began again to fettle around my distracted heart, even then, though my foul yearned for the alliance of some congenial mind, and though I discovered that congeniality in the charming Sylvia, yet had I fo made up my mind on the idea of being wretched, that I could not venture to interpret those indications in my favour, which to thee appeared indisputable. The idea, too, of a fecond love, feems to carry with it an idea of unfaithfulness to the first: but 'tis the idea of romance, not of nature. A second love !- No, Bountly ! it is the same.

fame. Had Linny lived, my foul had been fatisfied, and Miss Brudenell had only been my friend; but, Linny loft, I feel all the love, wherewith I should have ever continued to love her, transferred to Miss Brudenell.———If nothing obstruct the course of a river, it ever glides along in one undivided channel: but if obstructed, and it work itself another channel, is it not still the same river? who will say it is a new one? Those, too, who affert that the human heart can feel the fensation of love but for one object, and that, deprived of that one, it can never more be affected with that fensation, I feel are egregiously mistaken. My heart, methinks, beats at this instant with an affection as fincere for Miss Brudenell, as ever it did for thy dear lost fifter: the only difference is this -my affection for thy fifter was of a brighter (though Iwas early inured to disappointment), but that I feel for Miss Brudenell of a more melancholy complexion, derived from the late

complexion of my mind: for, having been long accustomed to experience misfortune, I habitually expect it; which expectation ever fo checks the effervescence of my felicities, that my cup, when full, never appears to be running over. Yet, because my love is thus tinged with melancholy, is it less pure? Gold may be differently blanched, yet of equal fineness: but, ah! 'tis that external tinge that gives it the power of pleafing; and I am fatisfied few could ever return the affection of poor Wanley Penson. Yea, even now, Bountly, however ardent ma be my defires to enjoy a reciprocity of fentiment-however delicious to myself, on fuch enjoyment, may be my fenfations-yet. alas! I doubt I am not calculated to render her happy, whose love and happiness would constitute my heaven. For, alas! I feel my mind has fo long bent beneath the burthen of forrow, that it can never more recover that posture which is the indication of a light heart.

But whither am I wandering? I shall expatiate on my felicity till I have lost it. Let me rather return; and, by retracing the means whereby it quickened on my heart, retaste its delicacy, and confirm my hope.

(Bountly, 'tis odd that I should make thee, the brother of the dear Linny, the consident of my affection for Miss Brudenell: but the heart, when full, must vent itself somewhere; and where can mine vent itself so freely as into the bosom of the companion of my youth, the friend of my riper years?—Yet probably thou may the never see this.—But why?—Bountly is no common friend. He will feel a pleasure if at last a grain of happiness be cast in Penson's cup, be who it will that casts it.)

Thou mayst fee what frame of mind I was in, by my reflections on the loss of my dog. I had retired to the farther end of my cell; and, reclining against the wall, was indulging a gloomy mood, when the door was opened, and instantly entered the ma-

gistrate

gistrate who had committed me, and a lady. 'Twas Sylvia! Sylvia Brudenell.-She recognized me; she shrieked-" Oh 'tis he! and in"-fetters, I believe she would have faid; but the word died on her tongue, and she funk lifeless in the gentleman's arms. Ah, Bountly! thy friend was little better. Joy, shame, together with emotions probably derived from a fource I was unwilling to explore, deprived me equally of the powers of speech and motion. I attempted to rife, but my feet refused their office. The gaoler summoned his wife to the affistance of the lady. She instantly attended; and with her a young woman, her daughter. The latter, whilft the former endeavoured to affift the faint Sylvia, cast her eyes on me; and exclaiming-"Good Lord! the prisoner is dying-too!" caught part of the water with which they were bathing Sylvia's temples, and sprinkled it in my face. I was not infenfible: I made a motion to have a mouthful to drink.

drink.—The draught refreshed me. Sylvia, too, was reviving; and now, whilst, by the help of the young woman, I was endeavouring to rise, the old magistrate, whose attention before had been otherwise employed, turning about, and observing my situation, expressed his wonder at a scene so extraordinary in a number of broken exclamations.

Sylvia was now revived. I approached her, with what sensation I cannot describe. She made an effort—yes, Bountly, the made an effort of throwing herself into my arms: but instantly recoiled; and, fixing her eyes most expressively on me-" Penson!" faid fhe, with an accent as though fhe would have added a question. Alas! Bountly, I felt it unasked. "Art thou innocent?" vibrated on my heart-strings. "Art thou innocent, Penson?" But she spoke it not. -'Twas needless. How I looked I know not, but the response of my soul was, "Oh were my heart in thy hand, even as a book opened!" My eyes suffused at the idea Vol. II. that that Sylvia doubted my innocence. "Reading heart, Sylvia!"

Oh, she read it. I felt her soul, methought, penetrate my bosom. "Yes, thouart innocent, dear, unhappy Penson!"

She flung herself into my arms—the oldgentleman in surprise exclaiming, "Hey day! Here's a scene! Why, niece, what—" then stopping, as though at a loss what to do or say. But I was little attentive to him. My arms embraced Sylvia. She wept on my neck, and her broken sentences convinced me Penson was dear to her. Her spirits again failed her; and it was now my part to console that dear woman, whose kind assiduities had so oft revived me. The defection was but short: sensibility soon returned; and she again mingled her tears with mine.

The magistrate, whom I now discovered to be an uncle of Sylvia's, not willing probably to continue so many witnesses to such a scene, ordered the gaoler, with his wife and

and daughter, to withdraw; and then began to make such enquiries as appearances could not but fuggest concerning the nature of the connection betwixt his niece and me. My information extended to nothing more than friendship. Indeed, till that hour I was conscious of nothing more. But the old gentleman looked, I thought, rather fuspicious; and Sylvia's fensations, alarmed on the sudden, and confequently not being under the controll of prudence, confirmed those suspicions which, alas! I wept to believe. But they were not the tears of forrow: neither indeed were they the tears of joy: they were however the tears of tenderness: the tears of a pleasure heightened by surprise, yet chastened by a kind of uncertainty.

O Bountly! to tell thee what then passed in my bosom I cannot find words. I felt a new-born pleasure spring in my soul, at the idea that there was yet one in the world who interested herself in Penson's concerns;

whose soul seemed so to connect itself with his, as even to share its forrows. Yet this idea was blended with a consciousness that it would be ingratitude, on my part, to suffer her affection fo to demean itself, as to beguile her to an improper connection. With these too was mixed a reflection on my present situation, and the improbability of my extrication from the fnare that entangles me. This was again corrected by the hope that fuch a friend as Sylvia (friend !-Ay truly), whose heart was touched with-Let menot be vain-I will only fav, I hoped Sylvia would use all her influence to procure me justice, and to clear my character. This confused mixture, dear Bountly, possessed me fo, that I fcarcely knew which of the ingredients was predominant, and made me. in the midst of what should have been joy. heavy; and, when I ought to have spoken, kept me filent.

But Mr. Brudenell (Sylvia's uncle) and Sylvia, at the instance of the former, who seemed uneasy,

uneasy, and eager for a private conversation with his niece, foon retired; the uncle in filence: Sylvia with the look of an angel. bidding me be comforted, and she would foon return. --- Angel !-- Alas, do angels weep? Sylvia bade me be comforted, yet wept.

In about half an hour Mr. Brudenell returned, who approaching me, and taking my hand, faid, "Young gentleman, from the very amiable character drawn of you by my niece, who I find has many years been your very intimate friend, I am inclined to believe you innocent of the charge for which you are here detained: but, alas! I fear it will be in my power only to pity you: yet I hope by the time of affize, though near, you will be able to discover a means of justifying yourself. In the mean time what I can do for you I will; and I hope you will not think the worse of me, because it fell to my lot, as a magistrate, to commit you to this disagreeable place. We will

will however endeavour to render it as agreeable as we can. Pray, Sir, follow me." I bowed (I could not speak, Bountly), and followed him.

He'led me from my cell into a (comparatively) very decent apartment, where Sylvia meeting me at the door with a weeping countenance, which she endeavoured to enliven with a fmile, welcomed me to a better abode: but she had scarcely uttered the compliment, when the tears she had evidently endeavoured to restrain, burst from their confinement, whilft the fob, convulling her bosom, changed the congratulatory accent into an exclamation of grief. "Alas, Penson!" cried she, "this is allall the relief the powerless Sylvia can procure thee!" And she flung herself into a chair by the fire (for there was a fire in the room), and gave a loofe to her fenfibility. 'Twas a new distress to me, Bountly.-Why is it my fate to distress, whilst the desire of my heart is rather to confole the diffressed?

Her

Her uncle (for I was truly incapable) endeavoured by plaufible arguments to perfuade her the affair would terminate happily. His arguments had a greater effect on her than on me (for I faw they were fallacious); and at last, on his offering to go immediately and consult an eminent counfel on my case, she grew calm, and ordered tea and chocolate to be brought for my refreshment; whilst the uncle, to amuse his niece—nay, perhaps really to do me a service—retired to put his proposal into execution; but what can it avail me? 'Tis evidence I want, not opinion.

It was now I learned from Sylvia how the place of my confinement became known to her, or rather how she came by the knowledge of my misfortune.

I have told thee how Tray was gone from the window of my cell. He is now capering round me. He entered with Sylvia, and—but I had then no fense to attend to his acknowledgment—to be

engaged by his faithfulness—No. But I will proceed regularly.

Sylvia, it feems, arrived in R-the night before last, in her way to G-, intending to stay a few days here with her uncle. She was not rifen yesterday morning fo early as the hour I was committed hither; and her uncle being gone from home before breakfast, she heard nothing more of my affair, than that a highwayman had that morning been apprehended. Today she went out to call on an acquaintance; that acquaintance was accompanying her to fee another: their way laid by the walls of my prison. Tray's whining attracted Sylvia's attention. She thought she recollected the dog. Tray is remarkable. She stoptshe viewed him more attentively-Could the be mistaken? She called Tray-He leaped at once to her, he cringed, he fawned around her. Tray knew her. Many an hour has he flept on the skirts of her garments. She was amazed. Tray flew back

back to the prison-again he approached her-again flew back, and again returned; but still leering back and whining, seemed to folicit her to follow him. His behaviour alarmed her-a confused idea of the highwayman came across her recollection, which foon matured into a suspicion that this highwayman had either done me an injury, or had gotten fomething of my property in his possession; for, alas! she could not think I myself was incaged in a jail. In short, an apprehension of the knew not what, determined her to return to her uncle's, who the hoped might be by this time returned; for as he left home yesterday morning on a journey into the country, though he was expected back the fame night, he was not returned this day, when Sylvia fet out on her ramble. Luckily he entered the house just before her; and, immediately on her approach, accosted her with a question, if the had heard of the young man of G-(for I had told him the place of my abode), whom

whom he had committed yesterday to prifon; adding, that it had vexed him during
the whole time of his absence, that he had not
waited to have disclosed the circumstance to
her before he set off, as probably she might
have been able to give some account of
him, or his connections: but that the affair which occasioned his sudden journey, had
so engrossed his attention, that the thought
never occurred to him till two or three
hours after. Briefly, a few replies to questions she now put in her turn, led her to
conclude that the person committed was no
other than Penson himself.

Tray had followed her to her uncle's: the now, together with her uncle, followed him back to my dreary abode. They entered even while I was arraigning Providence at the bar of inadequate reason. I had lost my dog—through that momentary loss, I found my dearest friend, my dearest Sylvia. Shall I ever more accuse the dispensations of Heaven? Hence let me hope!

—I do. But, alas! those hopes are faint.—
'Tis, alas! methinks, a forlorn hope. Gracious Heaven forgive me! How fruitful is the mind of man of means whereby to distress itself!

Ha, Bountly! if my life be drawing to a period, better Miss Brudenell's affection had still been undiscovered to the wretched Penson. Ignominy last night was my only dread. Death, simple death, I had counted as my friend: but now, life and Sylvia at one cast—Death, now art thou terrible! Can I rejoice, Bountly?—Oh no!—Yet—Oh yet, if possible let me hope! Hope! Yes. I hear the voice of Sylvia, and hope revives at the sound. She approaches to console me. Adieu, Bountly.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

R-

BOUNTLY, though, as the friend of my heart, I have long accustomed myself to be explicit with thee on all occasions, and in all circumstances; yet the subject which now most engages my bosom (the affection of the gentle Sylvia) interdicts, methinks, this accustomed frankness.

In what I have already written, I believe thou wilt scarcely be able to discover how the friend commenced lover on either side. Excuse me, Bountly: never a topic before occurred, but I could display to thee my whole heart thereon; but 'tis profaneness in love, to develope its mysteries: like the Urim and Thummim of the Jews, they are not to be described; they are to be solely confined to his breast whom love incloses within its hallowed veil. Described! No; my heart rises at the indelicate idea. To thee,

thee, as my long tried and faithful friend, I could count over every emotion of my own heart, and feel a pleasure in the act. I could count to thee, by the hour, the innumerable and endearing ideas which arise there when I reflect on the tender, the unhoped-for attachment of the commiferating Sylvia: but to trace the causes of those endearing ideas in the delicate evidences of that attachment-No, Bountly, not even to thee can I do it. 'Twould be betraying the generous weakness, the endearing confidence of a susceptible heart. 'Twould be to become a mere novelift, whose lovers, ever at the shrine of an unnatural frankness, which they call the frankness of friendship, offer up the most tender, the most facred deposits of the heart. No, thou wilt excuse me here, if I touch this subject with studied brevity. Sylvia is every thing I could wish, and my heart is comforted.

Comforted! Alas, not fo—how can it be comforted in my present uncertainty? Yet, as I have told thee before on other occa-

fions,

fions, one half of my heart feels happy, whilst the other half wonders how happiness made its entry.

Interrupted.

Continued.

For these two or three days past, I have been so little alone, that I really have had fcarcely an opportunity of addressing my friend. Besides, to say truth, I feel not that impetus to writing which fome little time fince I did; and why? Alas! till lately I had no friendly bosom wherein to pour the overflowings of my own, fave thine, my Then to write was a pleasure Bountly. none can feel but that burthened heart which has no means of unloading itself, but on the retentive paper.-The mind of man, like his body, must by some means or other respire; it cannot always inhale. 'Twould burst, Bountly.—Then did I breathe in the inanimate letter, and address it to my friend. Now I breathe in the bosom of the fympathizing Sylvia, whose daily, I had

to

had almost said hourly attentions, were it not for the awful day which hastily approaches, would even reconcile me to my fetters. Awful day!—Who knows—but my motto shall be, 'Spes contra spem?'

But 'tis not only Sylvia that engroffes my attention. The world, the unfeeling, the miscalculating world, must have a compliment paid it, though at the expence of the tenderest sensations. This intermeddling bufy thing would perhaps brand her conduct with the title of indelicacy, if not indecency, were Sylvia to be a little profuse of her attentions to ever fo reputable a lover, much more, alas! to me. And can. I, in my ignominious fituation, defire it? No. But 'tis not only Sylvia, my Bountly; but my flory having been rumoured abroad, I am vifited all day long by some one or other of Mr. Brudenell's acquaintance, either through curiofity or compassion. But, alas! I would sooner enjoy even my own melancholy, than exert my depressed spirits

fatisfy impertinency. I know not how it may be with others; but, whenever I am distressed, company, methinks, rather compresses my own gloom closer around me, than helps to dissipate it: 'tis a friend I then wish, not a companion.

Continuation.

How many anxious days and nights have I passed in expectation of seeing thee, or hearing from thee! But hitherto I have been unworthy of either. Where art thou, Bountly? I will not, I cannot suppose thou canst neglect thy friend. But if any thing detains thee from him, give him the satisfaction of knowing the hindrance. If I see thee not, nor hear from thee to-morrow, I shall send a messenger to—; to learn the cause of thy silence; for not only thy assistance, but thy consolation as a friend, is become necessary to me. In brief, I am pecu-

peculiarly diffressed. Roused from a delirium, I feel again the pain of my situation.

Sylvia-But I begin wrong-her maid, I should rather say, this morning attended my breakfast-a mark of regard frequently conferred on me. But every thing is not fo smooth as I hoped. Mr. Brudenell is not Penson's friend.-Not my friend? Recal the word; it sprung from blind self-love. He is as much my friend as he ought to be. He is the uncle of Sylvia, whose heart needs to be restrained by bis judgment, fince her own has suffered it to dispute its controul. Mr. Brudenell is an upright man; he has a good heart—that is, a conscientious one; not a tender one. Tender! Let me mend that expression too. and fay his heart is not weak. He is pleafed Sylvia should evince herself a good friend, a good neighbour, and a good christian, towards me; but nothing more. He is right; he is certainly in the right: but he might have corrected with a hand Vol. II. more

more lenient. He has lectured Sylvia very feverely for her imprudence respecting me. She, on the other hand, endeavoured to justify herself by attributing to me merits which probably her own fancy heightened, if not created. He called her attention to the present circumstances, and pointed at my innocence, as though it was matter of doubt. Cruel !- No, let me justify him; appearances are strongly against me.—The inuendo, however, it feems, fo agitated the meek bosom of the weeping fair, that, after minutely defending me, she hinted her age and independent fortune, which liberated her from his controll How must that placid breast have been affaulted. thus proudly to repel the affailant! Yet I acquit Mr. Brudenell; and I know, notwithstanding, he will exert himself in my favour fo far as to endeavour to procure me justice. He is a character I can revere: but __ I add no more.

This relation (for Sally related these circumstances cumstances to me whilst she poured out my coffee) distressed me. The uncle and niece are still on distant terms: but Sylvia conceals from me every disagreeable event, whilst I afflict my friends with my forrows. Sylvia, from thee let me learn not to burthen others with my griefs! Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

To W. WANLEY PENSON.

DEAR WANLEY,

Dublin.

I HAVE this moment received thy several letters from R—. A sudden emergence called me from P—— hither: so sudden, that I really had not an opportunity to apprise thee of my expedition; but being under the necessity of leaving something to be sent after me, luckily thy letters were surthered with it.

I have already given orders to prepare for my return, and thou mayest depend on seeing me as speedily as the distance between us can be overpassed, which will be considerably before the assizes will commence. However, that thou mayest have the opinion of counsel thereon, for thy satisfaction, in mean time, I have inclosed the letter thou requesteds of of me; and which, I have not the least doubt, will effect every thing thou hopest, to the confusion of thy accusers.

Believe me, Wanley, I sincerely share in all thy anxieties, and regret the occasion that chance has now given thee for them. But let not thy spirits sink—I see no grounds for apprehension: thou must be acquitted, and that with honour. The circumstance is certainly a painful one; but do not indulge thy fancy too much in anatomizing its disagreeables; 'twill only render it more (and unnecessarily) afflicting. But I haste to prepare for joining thee; and ever amonthy commisserating friend,

T. BOUNTLY.

PENSON

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

R-

AT length I have heard from my friend. How unlucky, that at this juncture thy affairs should have called thee to such a distance from me! yet how fortunate that my letters have fo foon followed thee! Bitter and fweet. Well, it is the composition of life: but the bitter has strongly predominated of late. But my friend is coming, and that will sweeten all. Thanks, propitious powers! Ere long I shall embrace my friend. He shall help me to thank the best of women, for her attention to the perfecuted Penson. He too shall again reconcile me to the half-averted countenance of her prudent uncle. Yet, Bountly, Sylviamust not be mine; 'twould be ungenerous" in me to-But thou hast prohibited me from anatomizing the disagreeable; and, lo. my mind, ever ready to torment itself, is about to mangle the agreeable. But I

T 3

have

have done. Yet, Bountly, I fear, by prohibiting these anatomizations, thou hast undesignedly prohibited the exercise of my faculties.

Ten days have elapsed, and my friend is not yet arrived—what shall I think? The time might have admitted of his arrival. Or how shall I procure intelligence? If I write, where shall I direct to him?—Patience—yes, I must yet have patience.

To Mr. W. WANLEY PENSON.

SIR,

Milford Haven.

My master, Mr. T. Bountly, has ordered me to inform you, that, in descending from the vessel which conveyed us from Dublin hither five days since, he had the missortune, by a fall, to fracture a limb, and otherwise so bruised himself, as to prevent his

his proceeding forward on his journey, by the route he intended; and that, by the furgeon's advice, who thinks that mode of conveyance only adapted for one in his fituation, he is preparing to embark, in order to go by sea to P-; hoping by the time of his arrival there, that the fracture will be in such a state as will enable him to support the motion of a land carriage, which shall convey him thence immediately to He begs you will make yourfelf perfectly easy respecting him, as he is in a fair way of doing speedily well: and also respecting yourself, as he will positively be with you at all events time enough to give a decifive turn to your affairs.

I am,

Sir,

With all due respect,

Your very humble fervant,

RICHARD BURTON.

T 4

PENSON

PENSON in continuation.

ALAS, my Bountly! But why do I write what I cannot have a means of conveying to thee? I would fain footh thee—I would fain beguile thy painful hours. But I am fated to distress all my connections. I am the cause of thy sufferings; yet I am debarred from softening thy pillow. I am peevish—I am even petulant with my destiny.

By this time I should suppose my friend is arrived at P——. How I long to hear tidings of him! How much more do I long to see him! Yes, Sylvia, even though soothed by thy soft consolations, I feel myself unhappy till I can be affured of the safety of my friend. But is there nothing selfish in my anxiety? The day of trial approaches, when probably my fate may depend on the appearance of my friend. My anxiety

anxiety is a mixed one then; partly selfish, and partly the effervescence of friendship. Be it so—he who feels not for himself, cannot feel for another.

To W. WANLEY PENSON.

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DEAR WANLEY,

AM arrived at P——. I dare say thou hast been much alarmed for me: but set thy heart at rest; I am better than could have been expected. The workmen are contriving a machine for my conveyance to thee, which will be finished in a couple of days, when I shall set off, and consequently shall arrive with thee the day before the assizes. Though it is rather with the hope of reviving thy spirits, that I am eager to see thee before the day of trial, than from any idea of being useful to thee as an evidence; for of that I am confident

fident there can be no necessity: for if the letter I have fent thee should not subvert the charge against thee (which I am certain it will); yet in an accusation of such total falsehood, thy accusers, when they come to be closely questioned, will undoubtedly confound one another; which to be an eye and ear witness of within these sew days, trusts

Thy constant friend,

T. BOUNTLY.

PENSON in continuation.

THOU art then arrived once more, my Bountly, where the out-goings of my heart can be fure to find thee. My pent-up bofom instantly opes at the idea: and though I hope ere the commencement of another week to embrace thee; yet cannot I in the interim resist the temptation of obtruding on thee the exuberancies of my mind.

That thou art so far recovered as thy let-

ter expresses (and I trust thou dost not deceive me), I thank Heaven with thanks unfeigned. That thou art so near me, I also thank it, as well as the zeal of thy friendship, which suffered not a cruel missortune to detain thee from me, but still inspires thee to persevere in hastening to me.

I have shewn the letter thou hast returned me, or rather Mr. Brudenell has shewn it for me, to Counsellor T—. He is of opinion, with thee, that the charge against me must fall to the ground. But though I know it ought, I am not easily persuaded it will; and thou canst not think how it hurts me, that there should be a possibility even of my appearing unjust. But the evidence against me is so positive, and the circumstances so corroborative, that I sometimes fear I must suffer under appearances, however innocent of facts.

Methinks, Bountly, at this moment, of all stations, I would be least ambitious of presiding in a court of justice. I should shudder at the idea of having the fate of a fellowcreature depend on my fentence, enabled as I am to judge only from circumstances; and convinced as I am that circumstances may sometimes appear totally consistent, and yet be absolutely unconnected.

I am interrupted.

Twas Betty Barnes. She arrived here this morning. I should have mentioned it before, but the hopes of speedily seeing thee, which thy letter just now revived in me, superseded every other idea. Honest foul! Her affection is truly maternal. She has been to G-, at the instance of Miss Brudenell, and to T-; indeed I know not where she has omitted to go for intelligence that may flead the unhappy Penfon. Unhappy !- Ought I not to derive confolation from the idea, that I am not forfaken of all? Why, truly, I could make a parade of heroism (and I sometimes do attempt

tempt it before those whom I debar my considence): but my heart——Ah, Bountly, a susceptible heart, affecting heroism when life and happiness are at stake, is like David in Saul's armour, essaying a thing too unwieldy for its weakness. And truly Betty Barnes has just unmanned me. She has been weeping over me this hour; and tearing my heart as under with the repetition of things which I would wish to, but cannot, forget.

She was present when Miss Brudenest, just now, came to visit me in my prison. She had not yet seen her, for Miss Brudenest has been from home since yesterday, on an indispensable excursion into the country. Poor Barnes was in the midst of sorrow, at the unsuccess of her endeavours to serve me, when Miss Brudenest entered. Her passions were all on a flow—in the tumult of which, however, she recognized Miss Brudenest; and slinging herself on her knees before her, and clasping her arms eagerly round her,

her, emphatically exclaimed, "Do, dear madam—do fave him!"

'Twas too much for the gentle Brudenell: fhe caught poor Barnes's transport; and probably concluding, from her manner, that something peculiarly unfortunate had occurred, without enquiring what, sunk on her knees beside her, exclaiming, "Would I could—but Heaven only can."

Thou knowest me, Bountly. Could I avoid to complete the kneeling, weeping groupe? O no.—"Dear angel!—worthy Barnes!" And I clasped them both in my arms. "Afflict me not thus! Heaven cannot but hear your prayers." But, alas! Bountly, the latter were rather words of course, than the effect of rational conviction: for the views of Heaven extend beyond human sight; nor is our conception of justice always coincident with the justice of Providence, who sometimes suffers partial evil to produce a general good.

This

This watch, Bountly, is a puzzle to me : it can be by no means discovered how it was conveyed to me. The coach offices have been searched, and the coachmen examined, but to no purpose. It certainly must have been delivered with design; yet wherefore to me I cannot conceive. O toy, thou wert my evil genius! But be propitious, Heaven!

I have been again interrupted—I had intended to have added fomething more, but it matters not: I shall soon see thee—till then farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

Fragments which appear to have been written by Penson, the day before his trial.

To-day, to-day shall I see my friend.
To-day shall these arms embrace bim, on whose considence I have ever leaned unsha-

ken.

ken. His counsel, the balm of his friendship, shall support me firmly to encounter the fate of to-morrow—dreadful to-morrow, when—but I must not think

Midnight, and my friend not come! What can it mean? And to-morrow the dreaded day! I was minded to get the trial deferred; but the men of law have overruled my inclination: they tell me I have nothing to fear. But though I feemingly acquiesce in their opinion, I cannot but retain my apprehensions, which nothing but the presence of my friend can dispel. But furely I shall see him to-morrow! On that rests my palpitating heart. Rests! No, it beats with horror: yet not fo neitherhorror is only the attendant of guilt-No, it must be apprehension only. And can I be otherwise than apprehensive? - To-morrow I go with criminals to the bar. Tomorrow must Penson hold up his hand, and answer

answer to a malevolent charge, whilst probably his plea may be disregarded, and the pale tremors of innocence construed as the indications of guilt.—Sylvia too——oh, Bountly! I could weep, were I not ashamed of such weakness.—Sylvia!——Perhaps I only see her again to breathe her a last farewel. She has just left me.

How filent! Not a fetter clanks through this dreary habitation, but my own. Sleep, visitest thou the guilty, yet leavest the innocent a prey to wakeful terrors? To-morrow—O to-morrow!

A groan!—Was that the voice of guilt? Twas however the aspiration of horror. I am not the only wretched.—Pitiful comfort!—Companion in unhappiness, whoever thou art, mayst thou have the consolation of a quiet conscience!—Consolation?—I write what I scarce know: why does it Vol. II.

not confole me? Thou unseen Power, whom the distressed soul instinctively acknowledges; to whom it instinctively turns when human affistance fails; thou to whom the recesses of the heart are open—thou knowest my innocence. Suffer it not to be confounded. Try me not farther than I can bear. When I put my trust in thee, let me not be deceived. Let me not say thou didst tantalize me with prospects of life and joy, but to make death more bitter!

Mrs. BARNES to Mrs. L- of G-

MADAM,

R----

As well to fulfil my promise given you when at G—, as in compliance with the request of Miss Brudenell, I sit down to give you the earliest information of what passed vesterday, on the trial of your neigh-

bour, Mr. Penson; and more particularly of the event of that trial.

You wished me to be minute; and I will endeavour to recollect as much, and relate the whole as well, as I can.

Immediately on my arrival in R—, I was admitted to Mr. Penson; for the gaoler had orders from the magistrate to deny no one.

I found him in an apartment very decent for a prison.—He was sitting alone in a pensive attitude, with the implements for writing before him; but so pale, so thin, that my heart bled at the fight. Yet he told me, could he but evince his innocence, he should reckon that day among the few happy ones of his life, that faw him first in a prison.—And why?—Because, it feems, it brought about an explanation between Miss Brudenell and him. That the has long entertained a regard for him of rather a tender kind, was no fecret to me, nor, I believe, madam, to you; but 11 2 that

that he has long loved her, was a fecret I believe he himself was not aware of, till lately. Alas! no-he was too modest, forfooth, to look up to Miss Brudenell, in the character of a lover—'twas friendship, only friendship! - Yet have I seen many times, when she has formerly been endeavouring to confole him, how he has looked on her; fo affectionate, yet fo diffident-too diffident by half.—That is the worst of these reflective men; they want fuch advances, methinks, to bring them in credit with themselves. But Miss Brudenell's behaviour, it feems, when she found him in a prison, was such as left him no room to doubt of that which he had often been told of.—Generous lady !—I adore her for her difinterestedness. She only is calculated to rival the idea of my dear Mifs Bountly, which memory has long cherished in her Penson's disconsolate breast. - But I ramble.

Mifs Brudenell and her uncle had done every

every thing they could, to render the confinement of Mr. Penson tolerable; and they had taken every step possible, to develope the mystery of that watch I told you of, which was delivered him fo unaccountably at T-. But it all proved unfuccefsful; and it was truly with anxiety that we faw the day approach that was to decide his fate.-His counsel indeed endeavoured to inspirit us not only with hope, but confidence. notwithflanding his endeavours, the apprehensions of Miss Brudenell were not to be removed. I really thought she would have expired when Mr. Penson was led out to trial. She, however, attended in the court, as near him as decency would admit.

He to the unacquainted eye appeared ferene. But I knew him better: his bofom was far from composed. He was
dressed in a suit of dark clothes; and his hair
curling in natural waves upon his shoulders,
gave him an air of artless solemnity.

After a few trials were decided, he was

fet to the bar. Mr. Brudenell stood just within the bar, on one side of him; and his counsel (provided for him by Mr. Brudenell) on the other.—His friend Mr. Bountly, whom he expected, did not come, for reasons, or rather through a misfortune, which I shall take another opportunity to inform you of.—Providence seemed to strike every thing from under the worthy man, in order, methinks, to induce him to rely solely on its intervention.

His countenance turned when he was fet to the bar; and a tremor evidently shook him. O, madam! what must a heart sensible as his have felt on such an occasion!—He, however, seemed to grasp the railing sirmly; and in a few minutes appeared more collected. His indictment was read, and he pleaded not guilty.

His accuser was then called—a little affected, gribbled-faced thing! He could hardly step for mincing, or speak for lisping.—He was sworn; and after having adjusted

justed his chitterling and russles, and stroked his chin with an air of self-importance (monkey! how I hate him!), he proceeded to depose that Mr. Penson had, on a certain day and hour, assaulted, and robbed him on the highway (unprincipled villain!) of twenty guineas, his watch, and cane.

The watch and cane were produced, and likewise sworn to.—The judge examained the watch; it was marked in the inner case N. L. in cypher; being the initials of the deponent's name, which was Nicholas Lilburne.

The judge interrogated the deponent concerning the earliness of the hour; which subject was repeated and handled by Mr. Penson's counsel. But the villain persisted to say, that it was light enough to distinguish objects, and consequently to identify the person of Mr. Penson (an impertinent—rather than not have had the pleasure of giving a bold evidence, I suppose he would have sworn as reserve y even to

me, had there been no likelier person present).

Corroborating evidence was now called, to prove that the things (that is to fay, the watch and cane) fworn to were found on Mr. Penson. This was given by two witnesses, whose depositions Mr. Penson allowed.

The judge now, addressing himself to the prisoner, told him, that though the evidence against him seemed positive and clear, yet his appearance led him to hope that he would be able to invalidate their testimony.—I could have kissed the judge.

Mr. Penson replied, bowing to his lordship (but so agitated, that methought the bar trembled beneath his hand)—

"My Lord,

"My life is at stake—and, what is still dearer to me, my good name.—It might be expected that such incitements would quicken my faculties to an exertion equal to the occasion.—But, alas! my Lord, I expe-

"I experience the effect to be far diffe-" rent.—Loss of life human fortitude may " fupport: but loss of life and character " by the same stroke, none but the insensi-"ble can meet undaunted. I feel my " fituation, my Lord, fo forcibly, that "though my endeavours may move your " pity, they could not convince your judg-" ment; and it is not mercy I wish-" but justice. Therefore, after having told " you a tale strictly true, I shall leave my "defence, farther, to the counsel whom "the good will of my friends has provid-" ed me.—I feel myself perturbed—at-" tribute it not, my Lord, to guilt : innocence, too, has its apprehensions.—I will " intrude on your lordship's patience no " longer; but proceed to facts. And may "Heaven vouchsafe your Lordship the " discernment of the wisest of men, who dis-" tinguished truth from falsehood, though se alike enveloped in mystery."

A murmur of applause followed this address

address through the hall; and I already considered Mr. Penson as acquitted; who now proceeded as follows.

(Mrs. Barnes here represents Mr. Penfon as relating the circumstances of his finding the glove and the cane; how he came by the watch in question, and the manner of his being apprehended: all which, being known to the reader by the foregoing letters, the editor here omits.)

He having ended, the counsel, in an able discourse, enlarged on the unlikelihood of the circumstance; its inconsistence with the general character of the prisoner; the earliness of the hour, and the consequent possibility of mistaking the person, as well as the probability and air of truth in the prisoner's desence: of whom to deliver a character he called on Mr. Leinster (who you know was to be at these assizes, in consequence of a law-suit here to be determined), Mr. Grant, a witness of Mr. Leinster's, and myself; and we each, as in truth

we could do no less, gave him a most irreproachable one.

The counsel then produced a letter of Mr. Penson's to my late young master, Mr. T. Bountly, giving an account how mysteriously he had received a watch (and which it was argued was the watch in queftion) at T_, in his road from Bristol to London. On this letter, and on its date, which was fome days previous to the robbery, the counfel laid a peculiar stress. Indeed it was the principal thing on which Mr. Penson's fate seemed to turn, and which the counfel was fo positive would clear him, that he perfuaded Mr. Penfon to take his trial now, rather than have it deferred on account of the non-appearance of Mr. Bountly; who, I have hinted before, was expected as an evidence in behalf of his friend.

The counsel having concluded, and handed the letter, at his request, to the judge, sat down as though certain of having gained

gained his point. But the judge having perused the letter, instead of referring the case to the jury, as was expected, asked for the person to whom the letter was directed. He was not in court. The judge then looked for the post-mark. The letter had none: it had been inclosed in a cover, it feems. The judge appeared diffatisfied; and finding the counsel had nothing further to produce, proceeded to give the charge to the jury, telling the counfel, "he was truly forry his client was not able to make a more eligible defence; and that the evidence was too positive, and the circumstances too apparent, to be invalidated by a letter of the prisoner's own writing, produced too and avouched only by himfelf."-Heavens, madam! how was the judge metamorphofed! I could have killed him. Methought he looked like a fiend !

He was proceeding to enlarge on these subjects to the jury, and I already wept the

the condemnation of poor Mr. Pensonalready too were the crowd making way for the fainting Sylvia, when not only my forrows were suspended, but the attention of the whole court was attracted by an elderly, hardy-looking man, dreffed (though not very fashionably) in blue and gold; and who pressing through the throng towards Mr. Brudenell (who, as I observed before, flood almost close by the prisoner), but happening to glance his eye on Mr. Penson, started, and in the same instant making a motion forward, caught hold of his hand, exclaiming with the voice of furprize, " Master Penson !-What !- Jammed in the bilboes !- Burst my timbers !- How's this ?"

The judge stopped (these interjections, madam, were not whispered)—the crier commanded silence.

"Silence!" replied the rough gentleman, staring around; "what not hail a signal of distress, you lubber?"

The

The judge now ordered filence himself; and Mr. Brudenell, who, from the first moment he had noticed the stranger, had been pulling him by the coat, now caught him by the shoulders, and forced him to sit down, and, whispering, accosted him by the term brother (for it feems the stranger was his brother, a fea officer, who was unexpectedly come to pay him a visit; and who, not finding him at home, had fuffered his curiofity to lead him to the town-hall)-"Brother," faid Mr. Brudenell, "confider where you are. I am glad to fee you: but consider where you are."-The strange gentleman stared the house all over, roof and all, in feeming amazement, but without answering; whilst the judge, the court being now filent, proceeded nearly thus :-"Gentlemen, I have already pointed out to you the clearness and positiveness of the evidence against the prisoner, and the consistency of the corroborating circumstances. I now come to the prisoner's defence. I wish I could

the .

I could recommend it to you as deferving your attention: but justice obliges me to fay it bears on its face the favour of invention. This watch, which is positively fworn to by the profecutor, the prisoner fays that, on his journey from Briftol hither, he at the first stage, and some days previous to the robbery, received from an unknown person, as he was taking a little refreshment whilft the coach changed horses; yet he acknowledges he cannot even guess from whom it was fent .- A gold repeater. Gentlemen, is no common gift: and I think your judgment will agree with mine, that the whole story is totally unlikely."

"Burst my timbers!" vociferated here the naval gentleman, with gesticulation that surprised the whole court—"Burst my timbers!" cried he, starting on his feet; "likely or not likely, 'tis true though.—Gold repeater!—What my lad"—and he had again got hold of Penson's hand: but

the judge now called with a stern voice, "Hark ye, sir! Why this interruption? Have you any evidence to offer to the court?"

"Evidence!" repeated the other: "why mayhap I have; but d'ye hear, you Mr. you won't give one time to make the necessary foundings. What's the business, Penson?" said he, again turning to the prisoner: "about that watch, ha!"

The judge interrupted him.—" The evidence is before the court, Sir; and you cannot want information."

"Truly," replied the other, "I believe I can pretty well guess how the land lies: but to be positive of the bearings just here, d'ye see, I can't say I am; for why, d'ye see, I am but just hove in sight."

The judge seemed to understand him; for he said—" If ignorance of his case only prevents you from offering something either for or against the prisoner, that shall be removed. (The judge was candid, though

he had not dined.) He then repeated a brief state of the evidence: but he had got no farther than the accuser's deposition respecting the watch, than the seaman exclaimed in great heat—" O blast the villain!—Where is the rascal that dared swear to my watch?"

" Your watch!" replied the judge.

"Ay, truly as that snite of your nose was yours, friend." (The judge happened to blow his nose.) "I gave it this honest lad here.—What say ye now?"

"Say!" answered the judge; "that your accounts are contradictory. The prisoner says he received it at T—, of an unknown person,".

"So he did—I fent it him," returned the other.

"You gave it him, you said; now you say you fent it him. Gentlemen of the jury," continued the judge, "I fear we shall meet with a little collusion here.—
But come, Sir, we shall have you presently;
Vol. II. X a gold

a gold repeater, Sir, is a thing too valuable to be fent in so careless a manner. Why did not you give this watch in Bristol, if you knew the prisoner there? Or if you must needs send it after him, strange that you sent no note with it."

"You have me!" replied the other, with bitterness-" you find collusion! Nothing true but what's likely here, ha! I fcorn to be overhauled, d'ye fee, though I'm not ashamed of my log-book; and so, d'ye see, I'll shew ye that what's unlikely may be true for all that. This honest boy here, look ye, had taken a little skiff of mine in tow that had foundered, and brought her alongside of me. I soon cast up his reckoning, and found that he was in too high latitudes to accept an acknowledgment for what he had done. So one morning he fuddenly tacked about in order to part company. What shall I do? thought I. I must not let him sheer off thus: yet what shall I give him? I have nothing ready

ready worth his acceptance, that he will accept. My watch is a valuable one—I'll give him that. Ay, but I know he'll refuse it. Well, then I'll let him go, and then send it after him. Ay, but if I sheer in sight, he'll return it. Why then I won't do that, thought I: he shall have it, and wonder where the devil it came from; and I, knowing he has it, shall look on my debt to him as acknowledged, though not cancelled. So, d'ye see, what's unlikely bere may be true for all that. But I little thought so light a thing would have sunk my friend here in these d—nd shallows."

"Sir, you are impertinent," replied the judge. "But before I tell the jury how improbable I deem your tale, pray let me have your description of the watch now before me.—What case has it?

- " Why, gold."
- " But what is its chafing?"
- "What! Why, the the the egad I can't recollect."

"I believe so," said the judge. "But has it no cypher, no mark peculiar to it?"

"Why aye, now I think on't, it has a cypher: but faith I never looked farther than to fee what 'twas o'clock by it, twice in my life. I am none of your land lubbers, d'ye fee, who make a looking glass of their clickets, pulling them out all day long to peep in the polish at the picture of their picked faces.—No faith, not I."

"Was the eypher executed by your direction?"

- "Befure-whose should it be?"
 - "What is your name?"
- " John Brudenell."

The judge smiled contemptuously. "I thought where it would terminate," said he: "gentlemen of the jury, we have lost our time in attending to this impertinence. The deponent is certainly desicient either in wit or honesty. The cypher you know is not J. B. John Brudenell, but N. L. therefore—"

"Therefore what?" replied the other,

in evident passion. "Who said it was J. B? D'ye think a true bred seaman would follow the wind of every lubberly land lounger? No; I wish I was as unlike the sniveling puppies in every thing as I am in my cypher. N. L. look ye, are the two last letters of my name: every fool marks with the first."

The court, madam, at this speech, though on such a solemn occasion, burst into a peal of laughter; whilst Mr. Penson's countenance, which had undergone various changes since the arrival of the captain, had now (probably from the turn his affair, after all, was likely to take) for some moments been assuming a deadly paleness.—But to be laughed at carried the captain beyond all prudence: for, irritated at what he construed as contempt, he abused the court in such abrupt terms, that the judge peremptorily ordered him to quit it, or he would commit him.

Dost think I would?" replied the other, X 3 "What,

"What, Captain Brudenell sheer off from a signal of distress! Leave a companion to be boarded by a pirate! No, I'd sooner sink beside him."

Officers were now called, Mr. Brudenell pleaded with the judge, urging the character of his brother the captain, and his unskilfulness in the forms of a court of judicature: but in vain. They were leading him off, and the judge, animadverting contemptuoufly (for he was evidently angered) on the captain's evidence, was directing the jury to find the prisoner guilty, when lo! (for this was truly a scene of tantalization) a Mr. Barclaim, from L-, an attorney, a neighbour of Mr. Selby with whom I live, hastily entering the hall, called to the judge, begging his lordship's pardon for the interruption, but that he had information for the court which admitted no delay.

The judge was certainly surprised, but hesitated not to bid him deliver his information.

mation. Accordingly he related, that, as he was coming to these assizes on business, he had, some sew miles off, that morning been robbed: that at a neighbouring village he had procured assistance, pursued and taken the offender, who, on examination, had confessed he was also guilty of a robbery some time since, for which a young gentleman was this day to be tried: that a watch and part of the cash he had then taken were at his house in the village (for he was a resident there): that there they were found, and he (Barclaim) was happy to produce them to his lordship, as it would possibly save from infamy an innocent person.

The watch and cash were immediately produced by the constables who attended.—But, oh madam! how can people make so light of oaths!—The watch was no repeater (but perhaps the owner was too ignorant to know the difference), nor was it gold; but in other respects much like the other, being what they call pinchbeck,

X 4

chased

chased, and the inner case cyphered, indeed, N.L. 'Twas to be sure an odd circumstance,

The court was instantly convinced. The judge was going to speak; but the jury prevented him, by crying out, one and all, "Not guilty, not guilty."

The hall echoed with applause; it was reechoed from the crowd in the streets (for every body except a devil seels pleasure at the acquittal of innocence); and satisfaction seemed to sit on every countenance, except Mr. Penson's, who was insensible to the scene.

Poor dear man! how was he tantalized in the space of two or three hours! Twice on the brink of being cast, he seemed to support himself with I know not what kind of fortitude. But when hope was quite given up, to be suddenly snatched, as it were, from under the descending stroke of fate, was too much. He sunk down lifeless.—

Mr. Brudenell hastened to him (I could not: I was little better than himself). He was con-

conveyed to the open air, where the captain, who was now fet at liberty, ran to him, and capering round him as he revived, in the ecstasy of his joy sung, and swore, and sobbed all in a breath.

And now, whilst his accuser, the confounded finikin attorney's clerk, was hooted and pelted by the lower order of the populace through the streets, Mr. Penson, amidst the acclamations of a rejoicing multitude, was escorted by Mr. Brudenell and his friends to the house of that gentleman. And here, madam, a new scene was exhibited, which, though no way connected with the account I promised to send you, and which perhaps Miss Brudenell, if she were to know it, would not thank me for relating to you; yet, as it will let you fee what terms Mr. Penson is on with Miss Brudenell, I shall not hefitate to represent to you, especially as I have an hour or two on my hands for which I want employment.

I have told you, madam, how Miss Sylvia (just before the captain above-

men-

mentioned arrived in court) fainted on the expectation that Mr. Penson was just going to be cast.—She was conveyed home, where she foon revived, at least so far as to be senfible.—She immediately, though dreading to hear it, dispatched a servant for intelligence. The account the received furprised her, and aided her recovery: but fending again and again, and finding how adversely fortune at last seemed to be shifting, hope was hastily yielding to despair; when, lo! before the messenger could bear her the tidings, Mr. Penson was ushered into her presence. She screamed, burst into tears, and flew into his arms. - He embraced her devoutly. Not a word was fpoken for several moments-all was filent. Mr. Brudenell looked as though he knew not what behaviour to assume; and the captain his brother (if I may be allowed the expression) roguishly surprised .- I should have told you before that the gentlemen the friends of the Brudenells, who accompanied

panied them home (as Mr. Penson was too much indisposed for company, and probably concluding, as Mr. Brudenell had not yet had an opportunity of welcoming his brother, they would not wish to be interrupted in their first greetings), took their leaves in the hall, and departed.—But to go on—The captain at length broke the affecting silence with an arch accent—

"Aha!" faid he; "the wind lies in that quarter, does it?—Well, well, with all my heart. Split me—an honest fellow—I'm glad on't. Come, come, no palaver now (seeing Penson about to apologize); if thou hast any tale to tell, whisper it in the wench's ear: she seems to wait for a sugar'd word or so, d'ye see. Odds heartlings!" continued he, rubbing his hands—"Well, I'm glad thee beest not hanged, faith!—Blast the watch. Who could have thought thou wouldst have been seized for a pirate, through carrying my flag? Zounds! why

I'm doubly thy debtor; and may I never command ship more if I be'nt glad thou hast put me in a way to pay thee. Niece Sylvia, gi'me thy hand."—She did so. He took Penson's—he joined them. "There, boy, take her," said he. "Sylvia used to be a good wench; and she don't seem much the worse for wear, I think. But that's not all—now I've a trick to myself—that's tit for tat. Thee told'st me thee hadst a doxy, but wouldst not tell me who—remember that: and now I gi' thee my niece; but I won't tell thee what I'll gi' thee with her: so we are even, d'ye see."

Thus, madam, did the captain run on, now putting their hands together, now parting them, and shaking each as if he'd have shaken their arms of. Sylvia looked delightfully abashed, whilst Penson gazed on her with an expression in his countenance not to be described. But though he discovered an inclination several times

to kifs the fair hand that was given him, 'twas impossible, the captain's motions were all so sudden.

During this scene Mr. Brudenell (the captain's brother) seemed lost in thought: the captain at length observed it, and turning to him, said, "How now, brother; what's the matter? Art'nt angry, art? To be sure 'twas thy task to gi' away niece here, because thee art guardy; but what signifies forms?"

"Pray, brother, be feated," replied the other. "This has been a day of odd events, and I am heartily glad it has concluded fo happily; but it has, I believe, pretty much discomposed us all. I was truly in despair at one time."

"Curse his long cavilling wig!" interrupted the captain. "A would'nt believe me—a made me out a liar and a sool. Burst my timbers, I wish I had un alongside of me."

A defultory conversation now took place, prinprincipally between the two brothers, and in which Mr. Penson seemed totally unable to join. Methought he was hardly bimself. One moment he would look on Sylvia as though his soul was passing out at his eyes; then presently he would survey himself, her, the captain, and all, as though he questioned the evidence of his senses. Sylvia recollected herself sooner, and, on the housekeeper's attending, gave orders for such refreshments as she thought would be most grateful to Mr. Penson; whilst the two brothers chose each for himself.

Mr. Brudenell was so kind as to insist on my partaking with them, -Miss Sylvia told the captain my business there, and repeated many things very flattering to me; insomuch that the captain began to crack his jokes on me pretty freely, and in his whimsical manner declared himself my humble servant. Don't you think I was high up, madam? But he did it mostly, I believe, to raise the spirits of Mr. Penson, who

who often fighed, feemingly without knowing it. The captain observed him, and at length catching him by the shoulders, forced him to face him, crying, "Yo ho, boy! Where art? Dost not know me? Art not going to be hanged now. Why, man, instead of giving thee a wife, I must send thee a voyage to sea, to cure thee of the hip.—What'st say now to the command of a vessel?"

- "I should be inadequate to the task, Sir," said Mr. Penson.
 - "Why, you lubber?"
- "Because I should be thinking when I should act."
- "I believe thee; for else thou would'st not lose time in sighing, which should be spent in kissing."
- "Fye, uncle!—Fye, brother!" was the reply from two persons at once, whom I leave you to guess at.

But, madam, Mr. Penson was really indisposed; nor do I wonder he was; his sensibilities fibilities kept on the rack, as they had been so long. I don't know how it is; but methinks Mr. Brudenell is not so hearty as one could wish him. But it may be only my apprehensions: he is a very serious man.

Thus, madam, have I given you the history and happy end of this eventful day: and 'tis time I should end the longest letter I ever wrote in my life; though Miss Bountly, who has sometimes honoured me formerly with employment in this way, used to tell me I was apt to be too circumstantial. But you'll excuse me, madam, as to be particular was your request; and I could not close this without sketching to you a scene which would have worked the conclusion of this day up to rapture, had not Mr. Penson's spirits been previously too much exhausted to support an event so opposite to what he seared.

I am, Madam, Your most obedient Servant,

E. BARNES.

PEN-

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

R--

SPES contra spem, dear Bountly! Hope against hope! Did I not choose a most propitious motto? Hencesorth be it ever mine.—Never let me again distrust a just Providence. "Save him! Heaven only can," cried the dear Sylvia; and Heaven only did. That not a shadow of a doubt might remain with me respecting its superintendance, it involved me in a labyrinth inextricable to human effort; and, that to it I should alone attribute my deliverance, cut off from me all affishance within the view of probability, even that on which I most relied—thine, my Bountly.

This is the first time I have been suffered to hold a pen these ten days. I have been ill, my Bountly. The structure of my constitution was not equal to the agita-

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tion of my mind; it funk before it, and I have been confined to my room; otherwise I had fled on my first liberation, to have attended the couch of my friend, who has fuffered fo much in endeavouring to ferve me. I was indeed most unhappy that thou appearedst not at the time appointed; but it was not an unhappiness arising from a mistrust of thy friendship; but I was apprehenfive of the misfortune which I found by thy fervant, who arrived the evening I was liberated, really happened to thee. Thou shouldst not have attempted such a journey in thy fituation, my Bountly; for, odious as confinement acknowledgedly is, I would much fooner have endured it till the next affizes, had I known thy real state, than have pressed thee to appear in my behalf. But my mind is relieved of its anxieties by thy letter of yesterday, which informs me the fracture was again reduced the same day thy fall displaced it, and that it is now fo far knit as to enable thee to be

about.

about. The consolation I derive from these tidings I trust will soon enable me to be about likewise. O Bountly, accept my gratitude, accept my thanks; 'tis all the reward I can offer thee for thy generous intention: nor this need I offer; thou knowest it is thine, without the formality of a tender.

As to myfelf, I have been wonderfully delivered: but I will not trouble thee with a repetition of what thy fervant has long fince undoubtedly informed thee of. Nor do I think I have fufficient recollection to give thee a fuccinct detail of the circumstances, if I would; for, at the time, my faculties were fo overpowered, that, like the shootings of the north light, which I now behold from the window of my apartment, my ideas were lost one in another ere the formation of either was complete. But 'tis past, and in the arms of the tenderest affection my anxieties are hushed asleep. Yet I am still much indisposed—a languor Y 2 pofpossesses me; and though I ought to be cheerful, I have not spirits to be so. I am not pleased with myself.

Captain Brudenell is here—he is my very good friend; his manners are rough, but his heart is tender. Education may modify the external to any copy; but the heart still discovers through all an original disposition. He is acquainted with my affection for Sylvia, and, happy Penson! approves it. Happy? Not yet.—I faid truly, I am not pleased with myself. In Sylvia is comprised every wish of my heart. She can make me as happy as I am capable of being. But can I render ber so? Love and happiness with me both depend on reciprocity. She loves-truly I believe it-I cannot doubt it. But how oft do we love that which by no means contributes to our fatiffaction! She wishes me to be cheerful. Alas! habituated long to forrowful reflections, even my mirth, I doubt, henceforth will evermore appear with a pensive cast

on it, and the effusions of my most exalted love burst forth in sighs; not truly now the sighs of sorrow, but the sighs of habit. Sweet waters poured along a conduit where bitter ones have been used to run, cannot but be tinctured with bitterness: who then can flavour them? O Sylvia! I love thee most pathetically! Thou openedst thy bosom to receive the superflux of my woes; and was I not peculiarly fortunate in having such a benign bosom to receive them? But for that benignity shall I confine thee to drink from a tainted cistern? Ungrateful! O no!

Sylvia—dear angel!—She stole on me unawares. I could not conceal from her what I was writing; and she insists that, as a consutation of my reasonings, I give thee the lecture she delivered me on a perusal of them.

[&]quot;Your delicacy misseads your judg-Y 3 ment,

ment, dear Penson," said she. "There is no accounting for taste, except by faying, that different causes on different dispositions may produce effects nearly fimilar. the fmart clash of hard bodies produces fire, and it is likewise produced by the gentle friction of foft ones. Vivacity. gaiety, affurance, the 'madness of superfluous health,' are, I own, what mostly attract the attention of the young female: but had Penson been such, Sylvia had never loft a thought on him. For notwithstanding the lively air I may have fometimes affumed, my heartstrings were ever tuned to a pensive key, therefore to the pensive only could they ever respond. L'Allegro has no charms for Sylvia. Shouldst thou ever become that, then would she lose her love; for it was Il Penseroso that excited her affection. Thy melancholy thrilled through my foul; I envied the object of thy forrows. What a delicate affection had she the happiness to inspire! thought I; and how

how does the heart wherein it was inspired still retain and cherish it! Pity for thy remediless griefs at length took place of envy, and 'pity ever is akin to love.' See now how frank I am obliged to be with you, in order to bring you in credit with yourself."

How generous! how sweetly infinuating!—But I will examine my heart yet farther. Possibly my ideas are too finely spun. Who can account for taste? Perhaps Sylvia can be happy with Penson: she thinks so, and she must be the best judge. But should she deceive herself?—Fancy is a wild thing. Why then Penson would be, what he has long been, the child of sorrow. Her fortune so superior too—that is another thing that hurts me. To accept her I must appear both mercenary and ungrateful.

Betty Barnes has just left us. Worthy woman! how indefatigable has been her good will towards me! Captain Brudenell, who I told thee is here at his brother's, is much taken with her. Sylvia had been giving him some traits of her character.— "Why ay," said he, "that's right; I like a hearty soul, whether man or woman: but split me if one half of you land solks are not smoke-dried, like Lapland sish, till there's no nature in you."

At the conclusion of this speech he cast an arch eye on his brother, with whom I have since learned he had had a little altercation concerning Sylvia. But Miss Brudenell, to draw his attention another way, explained on what occasion Mrs. Barnes was with us; and gave such a lively description of her affection for me, that the old boy in a kind of waggish ecstasy exclaimed, "What! and hast not kissed her for 't, Penson? Why then, wench, look now, I'll be his ieutenant. Come, Bet, make a mouth—a hearty

a hearty wench, faith! Why what wouldst fay to John Brudenell for a husband? I want a nurse to comfort my old timbers. What's fay? Shan't fall out, dost see, because thee hast a kind of yawing, dost see, towards that tarpaulin there; for, faith, I don't know how it is, but the dog has come over my blind side plaguily."

"Your honour is pleased to joke," said Betty.

"Joke! ay," said the other—" life's all a joke; and the most serious man the most egregious joker. Look now, if in a game-some mood I was to blow bubbles like a child, it would be taken as meant, and passed over with a silent smile by the lookers on: but was I to set about it thus (and he here mimicked the serious attitude of his brother), and make a matter of moment of it, why the whole world would laugh out. For instance now, here's my brother—." Happily we were here interrupted by the arrival of some gentlemen, other-

otherwise perhaps we had found our seats grow uneasy; for the captain seemed as much piqued with his brother, as pleased with Betty.

Mr. Brudenell is certainly not fatisfied with his niece's conduct; yet it having the fanction of the captain, he don't like to come to an open rupture. This affair affects me, for he has been a kind kinfman and punctual guardian to her. I must cast about for some means of conciliating his esteem; for, well as I love Sylvia, I cannot think of encouraging her to disobedience, in order to gratify that love. The guardian, where the character is properly supported, is in my estimation collateral with a parent.

I have heard Mr. Brudenell is a very ingenious mechanic, and often amuses himself by exercising his abilities in the construction of various curiosities. It is no new observation this, that where one man can render himself subservient to the amuse-

ment

ment of another, he will gain his favour fooner than by doing him an effential fervice. Thou knewest Bill Bluffe—a haughtier being never existed. Yet I knew him bey fellow all with a tinker. And why? The tinker shewed him a neat method of brazing a ferrule; and Bill valued himself as a genius in the shaping a pretty walkingstick. Now who knows but by some such means I may be able to ingratiate myself into the favour of Mr. Brudenell, as I am not totally unskilled myself in his favourite pursuit?

Mr. Barclaim, an attorney, whom I remember to have feen at a Mr. Selby's at L, has been to spend an evening with us by Mr. Brudenell's invitation. He was the person whose evidence acquitted me. I believe I mentioned something of him in a former letter, though I knew not then his name. I could not now but observe the difference of his carriage towards me. When I was in his company at the shop-keeper's

keeper's at L—, he was barely civil: he is now obsequious. Seeing me at home, under the roof of one of the first men in the town, he concludes me a man of fortune. O wealth! how supreme thy influence! Mortifying to a sensible mind, that even merit must receive its currency from thee.

Barclaim has been using many arguments to persuade me to bring an action against the attorney's clerk, for the recovery of a few guineas which his minions pilfered me of when I was first apprehended. There is something extremely incongruous, as it appears to me, in the means of redress afforded by law.

Society was formed for the security of person and property: if either is injured, ought not that society to see to it that restitution be made? And does it not?—How? I lose my property: the courts of justice are open to hear my complaint; they hear it, and punish the offender. But what avails

it me? I was in the first instance injured, and to bring the offender to justice perhaps ruins me quite; whilst on that ruin which waylaid me in my fearch for redrefs, fociety looks with an indifferent eye. Now wherein is fuch a fociety preferable to a state of nature? If I fuffer in a wrong cause, what fatisfaction does it make me? Suffer !-O Bountly! nothing is equal to the heartwounding fensations of a person wrongfully accused; and yet, excruciating as they are, nothing is thought of by fociety as a recompence for them. If the accused can acquit himself, he is thought sufficiently lucky. No honorary testimonal that innocence had been injured in him consoles for the obloquy he has fustained, and which a bare acquittal hardly ever wipes off. "Profecute the villains; you have a fair occasion: though they missed your life, they possess your property; make them refund." What, and disburse three times the value of such refundment in procuring it? Noble redrefs,

drefs, truly!—No, I'll no profecution; the event at best would be only taking the money from one rogue, and giving it to another. Farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY:

London!

A H! I have seen my sister: at length have I been conscious of a fraternal embrace. Thou canst not think, Bountly, how much my heart was set upon it. When I have sometimes been witness to the free effusions of sisterly love; when I have seen the truly pure affection of a susceptible sister for a savourite brother, anxious for his welfare, rejoicing in his joy, partaking or mitigating his grief—oh, have I often sighed, oh that I had a sister!

There.

There is fomething so soft, so endearing, in the idea of a sister, that I always envied the brother who was blest with one. Such a one, let whatsoever may discompose him, has still a friend, a heart interested in his concerns, in whom to repose a considence, and from whom to hope comfort: for sympathy, dear friend, is comfort to the distressed.

I cannot form an idea so very tender of a brother; for however men may love one another, yet there is a sort of pride in them which prevents them from being absolutely frank with each other on certain subjects. Whatever they seel, they are strangely asraid of discovering too much sensibility, less they should appear weak. Like game cocks, whatever smart they endure, they still strut at their fellows, and affect to disregard their sufferings. Not so to dear commiserating woman. There, as a patient in the arms of his nurse, the hero lays open his complaints, and receives for every sorrow

the balm of a figh. Besides, methinks the defenceless and exposed situation of her sex must endear a sister to a brother, even as its weakness and inability either to sustain or defend itself endears a child to its parent.

With these ideas have I lamented a sister's loss; with these ideas have I sought and again discovered her. But, ah! religion, Bountly, like the cold drop in the steam-engine, is certainly a great condenser of sensibility. Whilst my heart bounded from my bosom at the sight of my sister, hers methought (except by a little surprise) remained unmoved, or rather recoiled from my approach. But she less me oddly: she certainly must have conceived some disgust.

I found her where I expected, in the Moravian fifters house, as they call it. But I will be more particular.

I arrived in London three days ago in company with Miss Brudenell (who has

deferred her journey to G—), and her uncle the captain; who together with Miss Brudenell are now on a visit to a Mrs. Wenmore, a widow sister of the captain's.

Immediately after my arrival I went to Fetter-lane, to deliver my credentials to the Moravian minister, and enquire for my sister.

I cannot here but observe one thing which (led by observation to enquiry) I have learned concerning these people; and that is, that their place of worship, the residence of their minister, and their choir-houses are generally contiguous, or as near together as possible. This, perhaps, is a result of that fnugness of character I have before noticed of this fect, as well as a convenience for attending their variety of meetings, which on a Sunday, or a church festival day (of which they keep many), are as numerous as the hours; in short, on such occafions they are in and out of their chapels all day long: for as they have a variety of VOL. II. degrees

degrees in their connection, so for every degree they have separate meetings; as thus :- The preaching-free to all parties: the fociety meeting-for members of their fociety; that is, for friends who frequent their place of worthip, and lead orderly lives: these are admitted, if I may so phrase it, to worship in the outer court .-Their congregation meetings-for those who enter more into the spirit of their doctrines and constitution: these are the worshippers in the inner court; but this court is not the Sanctum Sanctorum. There is yet another class superior to these, and these are called communicants. For all these there are particular meetings; and besides these, every choir (as they phrase it) has its different affembly: viz. children, great boys, great girls, fingle, married, widows, and even other distinctions, which I cannot distinguish. In short, I cannot but wonder at their great variety of regulation, Intricate machines, they fay, are often apt to grow

out of order. Moravianism is truly intricate: yet whatever may have been the case formerly, its professors seem now to have got the art of mending its impersections ere the world can notice them.—And now I proceed.

I waited on the minister (for there is no getting a respectable sooting among these people, unless one first gains the savour of the minister; and then the houses and hearts of all are open to one): he read my letters, entertained me with a friendly politeness, and then said he would accompany me to the sisters bouse, that my eyes might discover whether or not the Caritas Mahud there residing, and my sister, were the same person.

We went: he entered without ceremony, and led me to a room where feveral fifters were at work.—Cary (Isabella I should say) met my eyes—my heart recognized her look: I darted to her, and clasped her in my arms.

" My Cary, my Isabella, my sister!"

The women were all in confusion. I had overset their tambour frame: beside, I considered not at that time that my warmth must have alarmed their strictly disciplined modesty.—Forms, Bountly! I cannot endure them; they setter the freedoms of the heart. But I still held Isabella to my breast, who neither repelled nor returned my embrace.

"Isabella! fister! What, not acknow-ledge me?"

"La, Mr. Penson! who could have thought-"

Mr Penson!—How cold, Bountly! She, however (her surprise abating), took my hand; said she had much to account for, that she did not expect to see me, but was however glad to see me so well. Thus composed, thus distant, were her gratulations: yet, methought, she turned pale.—O Religion! canst thou thus moderate the transports of sensibility in every breast?—

Then

Then happy would be thy effect on mine: for though they fometimes afford me exquisite delight, yet more frequently they yield me the acutest pain.

But wherefore glance I on religion? The cause of her composed deportment may be a very different one. Who knows what may have been her fufferings !- The cuftoms of the western savages afford us a proof that the skin oft scarified will at length become callous even to a degree of infensibility: quære, may not repeated misfortunes have the same effect on the mind?—Dear Isabella! why is thy heart fo close locked against thy brother? Alas! what did he that could induce thee to leave him as thou didft? Those melancholy lines of thine too-" Now myself I'd bury, in his grave-clothes dress'd"-what can they allude to?—I have hinted at misfortune feveral times to her; but she seems not to understand me; and she seems to avoid every opportunity of entering on a detail

of particulars. At the first interview, indeed, I hinted at nothing; my heart was overflowing with the tenderest sensations: but her stoicism hurt me. After the first minute I looked round, and faw the diforder my abrupt behaviour had occasioned among the fifterhood, who feemed to gaze on the scene half surprised and half ashamed; but without any cast of countenance that denoted a sympathy either for one or the other of us. I was about to recollect myfelf, and apologize; when the eye of a pretty modest-looking girl, to appearance about fifteen, caught my attention. She had fidled round to where Isabella was fitting; and now coming close, and leaning over her chair, with a tone that intimated more than the spoke, said-" Your brother, Caritas! Dear fifter, how happy!"-The tone was in concert with my feelings: they wanted fuch a response.

"Pretty dear! would you be happy on fuch an occasion?"

" Yes."

" Yes."

You call Caritas fifter; you shall be both my fifters."

And I took a hand of each, and preffed them to my lips.

There are moments, Bountly, when I am a fool: this was one. I perceived my folly. The fifters were leaving the room, fearful, I suppose, lest I should pollute them all with my kisses.—No, fifters, no. However pretty your faces, however delicate your prim lips, ye are safe from my touch! Features lighted up by sensibility; eyes that express the emotions of the heart in the liveliness of their first existence, have alone the power to throw Penson off his wonted circumspection.—Pretty child! how amiable is the deportment of native sensibility! But it is necessary perhaps in this world to submit to the trammels of art.

The minister, who, from what I have fince learned, is a man of good sense and

tolerable erudition, foon interrupted us, but with no ill-timed aufterity (for good fense is the same thing in every persuasion; weak heads only estimate mole-hills as mountains). Good-sense and erudition, I faid. Why ay-and this, methinks, fets at nought the generally received opinion, that the leaders of those sects, called in the lump enthusiasts, must be either knaves or fools. That this man is no fool, one half hour's conversation would effectually convince one; and neither my heart nor my judgment will fuffer me to think him a knave. - No, I really and verily think (contradictory as it may feem) that, with all his good-sense, he truly and indeed believes the doctrines he teaches, however abfurd fome of them may be deemed; fuch as that of particular inspiration, for instance. But as this doctrine; among some others, is, methinks, a point too tender to be touched by the opposing hand of a christian, though it obtruded itself to

my recollection, I shall avoid to handle it. It is fufficient for my fatisfaction that the man of whom I am speaking affects not to hold forth false colours; be believes them true ones, and therein he is honest .- No. he is certainly no knave; and if he be mad, like Don Quixote, 'tis only on one fubject; or, as Hamlet fays, when the wind is north-north-east. - But I think I have expressed myself on these subjects before more largely; therefore shall only fay here, that this gentleman interrupted our-conversation-I was going to say (but there was nothing passed deserving the name), by observing that Cary, or more properly Isabella, was hardly herself at prefent; and that it would be better to leave her awhile, and go with him till she should be more collected.

I acquiesced the more readily, because my sister's feelings were not in unison with my own.—I was disappointed in the hopes of a pleasure I had long anticipated. We are generally so, I think, of expected pleafures. Providence is kind in not giving us too much foresight, both as it regards pleasure and pain.

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I have been in the company of this fifter of mine several times since our first interview; but, alas! though she is the person, the is not the fifter I expected to find. She puzzles me-disappointment almost produces displeasure. She reposes so much confidence in her spiritual brothers and fifters, that she has none to repose with her natural one. She is fo totally religious, that the feems to have no ideas for any thing elfe. She turns every thing I start to that point, fo that in truth she bewilders me. Or if I perfift, as I sometimes have, in spite of her endeavours to the contrary, to direct my discourse to the subject of former things, she stops me short by observing,

ing, that 'tis time loft to dwell on old things that are passed away, as all things are become new. Then, if I hint at what may have been her unhappiness, she owns in general terms that she has been troubled; but that now her anchor is cast on a rock where it will ever rest; and concludes with wishing me to partake her happiness by embracing the gospel .- The gospel, Bountly! Why, I thought I had embraced it. But whilft some think me too much a christian, my fifter will not allow me to be fo at all. She wishes to see my heart awakened. Good Heaven! I think for some years past it has feldom flept: but, alas! she condemns my fensibilities as the finful workings of nature. -Those pathetic verses could never be hers-

> "On his peaceful breaft Now myself I'd bury, In his grave-clothes drest."

No, these could never be hers: she is all apathy;

Condemn my fensibilities as sinful!—How? What duty do they tempt me to break? Rather, what duty do they not incite me to sulfil? But my breast is only to be touched with heavenly things! Truly, I think I feel that touch too sometimes, and never more than when I reslect on the topic she recommends to my meditation, viz. the salvation of man, or rather the means of that salvation. But whilst I agonize with a suffering Redeemer, methinks I am pleased to find my heart emulate bis in its distinguishing character, tenderness and sympathy.

I have never mentioned the verses to her; for I soon discovered they could not be hers by her manner. She can only have copied them on some occasion.

But then her elopement just as our affinity was discovered.—To this point I have never been able, with all my industry, to bring her; but she says I shall know all ere long.

The

The only thing I have yet positively learned of her is, that she is going to be married; and this she informed me of with as much indifference as though she had only mentioned an intention of going to dinner. I did not hear it with the same stoicism.

- " Married, dear fister! To whom?"
- " Brother L___, a German."

(The Moravians, Bountly, make no national distinctions; an European, an Asiatic, and an American, they reckon only as three brothers born of the same parent, in different climes. To this I have no objection; national distinctions are illiberal.)

"But this destined brother of mine, dear Isabella—tell me where I may embrace him."

Guess my astonishment, Bountly, if it be possible, when I found she herself had never seen him.

- "Never feen him, fifter! Why, how do you know that you—"
 - "O Mr. Penson! how unknown to you

is the happiness of having all false affections rooted out of the heart, of having no will of one's own! Besides, as we partake all of the same spirit, I may say we have all but one soul; and then what choice is required where all is alike? No, I consider myself as clay in the hands of the potter, to be done with as he pleases."

"Who? what potter?" cried I astonished, and without giving myself time to reslect.

She pointed to heaven.

Married, and know not to whom! Well, of all things this is most surprising!—But I have since learned this is no uncommon case among this people. Childlikeness, as I observed to thee once before, is their darling principle; but methinks this is beneath childlikeness. Beasts are satisfied, male and semale, with each other, without the idea of choice: but man is indued with something that requires more than the mere gratification of sense. It is not merely the fex that he desires; for that desire which

which is satisfied with mere sex, I call lust: but among the fex there is generally some particular object to which his heart, his affection is drawn. This distinction of objects, unknown to brutes, and only vouchfafed to man, would I call love. This is one of the marking characters of man; and if it be a fin to exercise this faculty (or rather to submit to the exercise of it), his reason is equally a sin; and to be completely holy on this plan, he must get rid of both, and herd with beafts. - No, Bountly; however pious the intention, that which thwarts the necessary lead of nature, cannot be right: religion may correct, but should not destroy.

But Cary (Isabella I should say) used to be remarkable for quick sensations; and is it not wonderful she should now be so metamorphosed?

The constitution of man is subject to revolutions both corporeal and mental: some are brought about gradually; but a sudden shock shock either of the body or mind more generally produces them. In religious cases such revolutions are mostly attributed to something supernatural: in some instances I would not dispute this; but frequently, I doubt, could we search to the bottom, we should find it originate in a common cause. I wish I could search deeper into my sister: she has however promised to account for her behaviour to me ere long.

Why, Bountly, those verses, the melancholy tenor of which has at once so puzzled me, and excited my commiseration, are a religious effusion! and I know no one so likely (considering them as such) to be their author as Isabella: they are certainly hers. Her passions are certainly as lively as ever; but their streams have taken a romantic turn, I think; they work up hill, even to heaven. But if the sigure would not be too much strained, I would say, that, from

from their natural gravitation they work upward so heavily, that they appear in a state of stagnation.

Truly, Bountly, they are religious verses! But such figures, such expressions, were surely never before applied in devotion. And yet there is something in them that affects me. I can form a crude idea of the imagination being worked up to such a kind of melancholy piety. They must have been penned during a convulsion of the soul, proceeding from a too great degree of devout sensibility.

I have before faid that education and reflection have spoiled me for a Moravian. Otherwise, perhaps, I had penned such verses myself; for I never find expressions adequate to my feelings: and often wrapped in a kind of wild gloom that comes over me, though I would fain express my situation, I can seldom find a trope sufficiently Vol. II. A a signi-

fignificant whereby to represent it. This perhaps, were religion my theme, would lead me to use language not sufficiently pure. But I will tell thee how I discovered these verses to be religious ones.

I called at Fetter-lane this morning, to fee my fifter. She was not at home-she was at Mr. --- 's, the minister's. Thither I repaired, where I found ber, the minister's wife, the minister, and a fourth perfon, fitting in the parlour: they had each of them a small card or ticket in their hands. On my fifter's lap lay a neat small box or case, that contained many more of those cards or tickets, and which concealed all but the ends of them. I was received, as I ever am by them, with cordiality: but I was hardly feated, when my fifter presented me the box that lay on her lap; faying, "Bro-"ther, will you have a bleffing?"-The expression made me stare, I believe; for the minister, taking the box out of her hand, faid, "Dear fifter Isabel, the fulness of

your heart dictates to your tongue language which must to your brother be incomprehenfible."-Then turning to me, he faid, "Sir, fuch a composition of sensuality and spirituality is man, that even religion, to effect its end, must suit itself to their harmony. The mind, perpetually ruminating on spiritual abstractions, grows languid. and requires the aid of sense to quicken it. To this end, both in our meetings and dwellings, we allow every thing that can, without offence, by striking the one, enliven the other. Even to the article of amusement we pursue this idea; for it must follow, from what I have said, that we acknowledge the necessity of amusement. Among other things which we have adapted in this line (while we reject the amusements of the world, as too often having a vicious tendency), is this of drawing cards; on which, if you draw one, you will fee is written a text of scripture, and a little poe-

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tical

conceits may be produced from such a scheme, to amuse a simple heart: but the most general one with us is, to observe how aprly sometimes the texts will fall in with our circumstances, or with what may happen to be passing in our minds."

The minister spoke like a sensible christian; but my sister is an enthusiast in the most extravagant sense of the word. I have seen none among this people, I think, so rapt as she is. But I digress.

I drew a card: the text I forget (it related to the interment of our Redeemer); for the verse under it engaged all my attention. It began thus: "I'm bound fast with his dear grave-clothes platted."—I hardly read farther: the coincidence of the idea with that in the verses of my sister, struck me; and I was now no longer at a loss to guess their purport. In looking farther among the cards, I found a variety of verses

containing expressions of the same cast; and I think these people are fond of giving their sentiments this uncommon colouring.

Did I tell thee I had introduced Sylvia to my fifter? She is much better pleafed with her than I am. Ah! did I ever think fuch an expression would escape me of a fifter! But Sylvia's expectations were not raised like mine, and consequently she feels not my disappointment. To be so abstracted from the things of time as is my fister, may be great, but 'tis not amiable. Were it not that Sylvia is more than a fifter to me, I should be quite impatient with her. Yet I feel, dearly feel, she is my fifter, my own fifter; for, like me, the cannot be moderate in that which engages her affections. Heaven engages hers entirely, even to absorption.-But oh, from my own feelings, let me form an excuse for my fifter's.

Captain Brudenell is gone to Greenwich. on a visit to an old brother officer. When he returns, we go to Wales, to visit another fifter of the captain's; and then-But oh, Bountly! how can I think of it, indigent as I am in comparison with Miss Brudenell! Besides, I have yet had no opportunity of conciliating her guardian's approbation; and to enter the family under fuch disadvantages Yet how can I give her up? She now conflitutes my every hope of earthly felicity; and would it not be as much ingratitude to Providence to refuse the tender of fo choice a boon, as to the dear angel herself to fink her below her fphere? 'Tis a point I would wish to balance; but perhaps I am too nice.

Methinks, Bountly, I feel in my bosom two kinds of love for the same person, which I would distinguish, as the grammarians of some languages do their verbs, by the terms of active and reflective. My reflective love, or that which affects myself, and and is made up of felf confiderations, fuch as the poffession of such a lovely object as Miss Brudenell, the being united to such a faithful friend, &c. stimulates me strongly to fuch a union: but my active love, as it affects its object, which it holds too dear to injure by a connection fo inadequate as a connection with myself, as strongly checks the impetus of my defires. If these terms appear a folecism to thee, Bountly, thou wilt excuse them on these grounds, that they are adopted by one who is a folecism to himself. I think a good deal on this subject; but till I can better adjust my fentiments, I cannot suffer myself to indulge in all those delicious endearments which Miss Brudenell's amiable tenderness feems to proffer me, and which my heart fo languishes to include in. Besides (for I tell thee all my weakness; at least I address it to thee, though much I refrain to trouble thee with, even after I have written)-besides those obstructions to my hap-

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piness which I have above related, and which are however palpable enough to be reasoned on, I have others which impede me, that will not bear the touch of reason at all. In fact, I am become a mere old woman, whimfical by day, and a vifionary by night; or, more explicitly speaking, peftered with dreams in my flumbers, whose effects I cannot shake off in my waking hours. Strange, that at this juncture, when Providence vouchsafes a little to open my prospects, imagination should be so peculiarly bufy to overcloud them! Yet so it is. Scarcely can I close my eyes but my long loft Linny prefents herfelf before me: with an exquisite but gloomy ardour I embrace her, when, lo! I find a Sylvia in my arms; and ere I can recover from the surprise occasioned by the mutation, behold the illusion is again Linny. Then I feel as though conscious of having offended. Linny eyes me, methinks, with a kind of tender reprehension; but before I can foothe

foothe her displeasure, Sylvia again appears, as witnessing my blandishments—Linny and Sylvia both, Bountly! I gaze on them with a kind of affectionate horror. I awake, and console myself with the idea that 'twas but the magic of fancy.—What, Bountly, find consolation in the idea that Linny, my once dear, my ever dear Linny, exists but in fancy! Oh thou canst not think what convulsive sensations now rack my bosom!

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Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

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PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

P___, in Suffex.

O BOUNTLY, Sylvia must be mine! Providence seems determined to cure me of my frowardness, by adapting itself to my humour; and, by removing one obstacle after another, to leave nothing whereat my delicacy may stumble.

I can now look up to Sylvia with some degree of confidence. Her tenderness, though I still feel myself equally obliged to it, yet I am obliged to it now not by that kind of obligation which is humiliating. My heart seems eased of a burthen; something seems to have loosened my tongue; it can now say, "Sylvia, I love thee," without the ungracious stammer of conscious unworthiness. Wealth, thou canst insinuate a kind of assurance into the breast

I felt myself like a man who, though he haply have gold about him, is conscious of its being deficient in weight. He sees good bargains proffered, he longs to purchase; yet foregoes the advantage rather than expose himself by tendering light cash.

Wealth gives weight to merit where it is, and creates a passable counterfeit of it where it is wanting. But truly, were I conscious of possessing much merit, I should now be vexed under the conviction that riches had procured me that in a moment which merit hitherto could never attain; or, in other words, that I can be esteemed for my possessions, but never for myself. For my merit is mine, my own peculiar self; my wealth a mere adjunct.

Mr. Brudenell congratulates me, is my very good friend, wishes an alliance, speaks largely of his intentions in his niece's favour, &c. No, Sir, Penson's heart is too great.

Not a farthing of yours. I can now support my Sylvia in elegance without your affistance. Erewbile Penson was unworthy your alliance; now your gift is unworthy his acceptance. My heart cannot forget your disapprobation of the poor Penson. My heart! Proud heart, recollect thyself! Brudenell never injured thee; he interested himself for Penson's life; he was never bis enemy; but he was Sylvia's friend. Make that distinction, and Brudenell must stand acquitted.

Rupees in the east, the wampum in the west, and with us a useless material, to which we have affixed an ideal value, no more intrinsic than the thin paper which is sometimes its representative, gives a man weight in the balance of society, and brings him not only in credit with his fellows, but with himself. I feel at this moment the effect of this adjunctive consequence: but is it not a kind of moral dropsy, which, while it gives one a portliness, is

perhaps sapping the constitution?—I will physic it.

Thou hast sometimes heard me mention my cousin Goodwin, to whom my uncle, in a fit of displeasure with my father, bequeathed his estates, and which bequest the suddenness of his death prevented his revoking. This kinsman, of whom I had very little knowledge, except by name, sent for me some days ago: the letter found me in London. I hastened to him—I found him in the last stage of a consumption, but perfectly sensible and collected.

"Cousin," said he, "I never felt the prejudice of education stronger than at this moment: but it is owing to the debility of ebbing nature. Nevertheless, be it owing to what it will, I must humour it. I never offended you: yet conscious of being the cause of offence, I cannot think of leaving the world without being in charity with all men, and you in particular: and though I have no great faith in the doctrine of su-

ture rewards and punishments, yet a certain natural justice urges me to make you a restitution of that which petulance only gave me."—This unexpected discourse, thou mayst think, Bountly, did not a little surprise me.

"Sir," faid I, "you diftress me; you have children, Sir, and—"

"No affected objections, cousin," interrupted he: "my children have enough."

But I will not trouble thee, Bountly, with the particulars of our conversation, which was long and desultory. His principles (as I suspected from that part of his discourse which I have repeated, and more plainly discovered from the subsequent parts) were those of a free thinker. He doubted every thing his reason could not comprehend.

Tis better, in cases that at last cannot be ascertained, to reason too little than too much.

My cousin afforded me a melancholy proof

proof of this: for not being able to comprehend its ways, not being able to account for them without recurring to revelation, which he rejected, he was ever murmuring at Providence, and arraigning it at the bar of reason for cruelty, more especially as it regarded himself and his disease. Yet he appears to have been a man of no vicious bias, but one whom one could esteem.

He was laid on his pallet the day before that on which he expired. A time-piece stood opposite him; it was out of order: it led him to a variety of comparison and melancholy reslection; and it was admirable with what plausibility he set forth his complaints against the cruelty of providential dispensation. His complaints, and the interesting situation he was in, affected me; it even now affects me. Let me sketch to thee, as a contrast to the dying Christian,

The Dying Philosopher.

STRETCH'D on the liftless couch of pale disease, A faulty time-piece clicking feebly by, Thus figh'd the fick, whilst o'er the flow degrees Of pain's long minutes glarc'd his languid eye:

- "Oh that, like this imperfect piece of art,
 "This frail machine that marks my heavy hours,
- "My pulses beat! that steel compos'd my heart,
 And brass unthinking all my thinking pow'rs!
- For why, endued with faculties to muse
 Scarcely sufficient o'er my outward frame,
- "Should I attempt to scan th' Almighty's views,
 "Or blame his skill who made me what I am?
- "If cheerful health's smooth progress aught impede,
 "If nature's curious work defective be,
- "Let him the fault who form'd my structure heed:
 "Ah! why should nature's errors interest me?
- "This toy, unconscious of its motion, goes
 "Or stops; alike unheedful why or where:
- " Itfelf its maker's excellence nor knows,
 - "Censures his art, or mourns his want of care.

"Whilst

- Whilst I, myself a like machine, presume
 To fit in judgment on omniscient skill:
- "To tax with cruelty my Maker's doom,
 "To doubt his pow'r, or murmur at his will.
- "Why dost thou tantalize me thus? I cry;
 "Why point to joy, yet plunge me deep in woe?
- "Why play'st thou ever in man's wishful eye
 "Those gifts, alas! thou mean'st not to bestow?"
- " Or why his cup with pleasure dost thou fill, " If but to dash it from his hand again?
- "Like a teas'd child, man fobs and forrows still "For lost delights, or joys he can't obtain.
- "The earthly fire his helpless offspring spares,
 "Nor gives to torture what his love begot;
- "Heaven's child alone its parent's rancour bears,
 "Pain its fad portion, grief its haples lot.
- "Lo, here—emerg'd, alas! from time's dark womb
 "T' inherit forrow, to possess a figh—
- " I graft a life which withers o'er the tomb,
 "With hope predeftin'd in despair to die.
- "Oh why, a compound of unceasing strife,
 "Was form'd my nature still to be distress'd?
- " In the great ocean of eternal life
 "Why found not my small drop eternal rest?
 Vol. II. Bb

- " If better thou this fabric couldst not build,
 "Where was thy mercy when thou badst me live?
- But, oh! how cruel if thy will withheld
 "The only bleffing worthy thee to give!
- "Even Happiness, who, confort of high heaven,
 "Vouchfafes no smile to lighten earth's distress;
- Stern malediction, that to him has given |
 Who mourns for health, to mourn for happiness !
- "Life! ruthless Donor! 'tis a weary load,
 "Useless to all, and wretchedness to me.
- "To what thou gav'st, this being, ill bestow'd,
 "Add health, add ease, or bid me cease to be.
- "Thus, even as he who on the craggy steep "Ponder'd the wonders of th' infurgent wave,
- "In reasoning lost, I hurry to the grave.
- "Yet let not wrath, Oh Mighty One! commence "Against a worm toss'd on affliction's flood!
- "Who but thyfelf infpir'd me with the fenfe "Of natural evil, or of moral good?
- "Nor should I of thy dealings e'er complain,
 "But that thou breath'st quick life thro' ev'ry pore,
- "Life that fhrinks trembling from the gripe of pain,

"Compell'd to groan when wishing to adore.

es Writhing

- Writhing beneath adverfity's keen fcourge, "Haply the punishment of playful youth.
- "May not the aged fufferer justly urge,
 "Why gav'ft thou reason, if so slow of growth?
- "Or wouldst thou him condemn, who (tho' he rate "Abfurd the worth of supernatural things,
- " Or falfely count the stroke of mystic fate,
 - "Yet) moves alone by heaven's own tempering
- Bear with me then: for could I reason wrong,

 "If thou to reason right hadst me design'd?
- Man, like a glow-worm, darkly gropes along, Whilst late experience lights his path behind.
- But whither tends my vain adventurous pray'r?
 Where will my woe-wild foul obtrude her moan?
- "Prefuming and irreverent is despair;
 "Reproach its reasoning, and its pray'r a groan.
- "Yet deign me this: -My Maker! when did I.
 "Demand of thee this body I posses?
- "Or what is my offence? that I may try
 "By deep contrition to obtain redrefs.
- "Alas! I am unwish'd-for what I am,
 "O'erburthen'd with a gift unask'd, unsought;
- Yet throbs my heart to bear it void of blame:
 - "" But, ah! I err, not knowing what I ought.

"Inscrutable art thou, mysterious God!
"Deep thy designs, and pathless as the sea!

"Thou tread'st me, like a reptile, on the clod, "Mak'st me remonstrate, yet derid'st my pleas

"Oh rather crush me; let me fink to rest;
"Vouchsafe to all my woes their final cure;

" Or, if no fofter pity touch thy breaft,
"Grant me, oh grant me patience to endure."

Thus, as immur'd within a dungeon's gloom,
Where pants pale filence, of itself afraid,
The sentenc'd culprit, trembling o'er his doom,
Extends vain wishes whither hope ne'er stray'd;

In bootless musings, meted out with sighs,

Death's destin'd victim did the drear hours spend;

Thought rose on thought, as Alps on Alps arise,

And of his reas'ning plaint appear'd no end.

And now the day-dawn from the purple east

Thro' the dimm'd windows cast a doubtful ray;

Around the sick his little offspring press'd,

Eager the tribute of the morn to pay.

O'er him in hopeless expectation hung
Th' attentive partner of his restless bed.
He look'd—'twas all; for misery fix'd his tongue,
And on his pillow funk his dying head.

The

The big tear trickling down his pallid cheek,
Impassion'd life's last effort for relief,
Alone a long, long farewel did bespeak
At once to all his pain and all his grief.

Thus reasoned, thus repined, and thus expired, the man who, had his faculties not attempted subjects to which human powers must ever be unequal, had been an ornament to christianity: for it seems he was of that happy natural temperament which is propitious to every virtue. But he had early imbibed the principles of scepticism, which all his life after involved him in a labyrinth of uncertainties, and sadly gloomed over his latter hours.

What a fatality, my friend, that a man should all his life labour strenuously to undermine that which could only support him in the hour of death!—Reason! know thy bounds! Henceforth lead me not into disquisitions whence thy utmost penetration must return laden but with conjec-

B b 3

ture!

but, if thou must exercise thyself, be it on such ground only where thou canst not weaken a solacing probability, but where thou canst establish some useful truth!

Ah! had Goodwin—but he is gone; and oh that he who endowed him with the faculty of reason, may have pardoned its temerity where perchance it presumed too far!

Before his death, he transferred to me all the estate and possessions of my late uncle; in the restoration of which, he was nice to such a degree of punctuality, as made me ready to conclude that he believed more of a future state of rewards and punishments than he had suffered his lips to acknowledge. Indeed, this part of our creed seems to be the creed of nature, universally impressed on the human conception; and those who set themselves against it have consequently to encounter, not only the instinct of their own breasts, but the instinct of their own breasts, but the

instinct, the trembling hope, of every class of mankind, both savage and civil.

I hinted before that Mr. Brudenell had congratulated me on my acquisition. - Nor so the captain. I saw him in London a day or two after Goodwin's death (for I left not my cousin till he was no more). Sylvia had informed him of the event: he was quite vexed; not that he grudges me my good fortune, as he calls it; but, as he will have it that, by relieving Carvile's daughter, I have done him a great obligation (circumstances considered), so he wishes it to be folely his province to make a man of me, as he calls it, by way of recompence. "Blaft it!" fays he, "the dog is worked into port, look ye, and no thanks to Captain Brudenell. Dead his mazard: captain, indeed! waiting for a wind, did not confider the tide."-The captain is whimfically generous, Bountly.

To-morrow I return to London to my Sylvia (methinks I can fay my Sylvia now, Bb4 without without faultering), and to my fifter. She is a good girl; but she is mysterious. No matter, I love her nevertheless; and she shall find me affectionate in a way more palpable than bare expressions.

Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON,

PENSON to bis Friend BOUNTLY.

London.

O BOUNTLY! yesterday Providence gave we wealth; it affected me very little, for before I had a sufficiency for myself: but to-day it has done more; it has made me to rejoice in my acquisition, by affording me an opportunity of sharing it with a child of missortune.

But my heart is for ever getting the start of my head. I will try for once to be methodical: for this letter I am previously resolved thou shalt see; which is not always the case when I indulge myself in writing to thee. It will inform thee of an old acquaintance.

I was this morning pretty early returning to London in my cousin's chaise: when there happening some defect in one of the wheels, which required a reparation, I quitted it at a village we arrived in; and leaving it to overtake me, rambled on the road.

I had not proceeded above a mile when I observed a man, in a failor's habit, fitting with his back towards the road, on the slope of the ditch.

Whether it be from a romantic or curious disposition, or what other cause, I know not; but I ever feel a propensity for the acquaintance of an itinerary. I felt it now.

I approached him; I saw not his face, nor did he deign to survey mine.

"What tired, friend?" faid I.

« May

"May be not," replied he; "may be I could find my limbs, if occasion."

'Twas spoken with the accent of suspicion, Bountly. He took a quid of tobacco, but varied not his posture.

"Well then, you must have been familiar with adversity, if this scite could tempt your inclination."

"All as we think, master," replied the other.

"Why ay, there is something in that indeed," said I; and obeying the impulse of the moment, which prompted me to explore what pleasure the sailor could experience by indulging a reverie on the side of a ditch, I slipt my soot, and sat down too.

Thou wilt smile, Bountly: but people would often derive pleasure from very silly things, if pride, more than prudence, did not restrain their inclinations.

The failor iggled as though he had a mind

mind to have edged off; and eyed me with a peculiar kind of ray, the pencil of which, composed of various affections, was evidently however pointed by surprise.

"Nay, my friend, let me not difturb you. I only wished to experience what a pleasure such a situation as this could afford."

" Pleasure!" repeated he.

"Nay, if it be diffress, then give me leave to share it."

" May be not neither," faid he.

Unsuccess damps the vigour of most incitements; but curiosity is never more eager to renew its attack than when it finds its mines are counterworked.

My hand was in my pocket.—Adversity, said I to myself, closes the mouth of a great spirit, even while it bursts the heart. I put a few shillings on the bank, and was rising; but the sailor arose, and receding from the money, said "No, Sir, no: Tom is not yet reduced to beggary."

Tom!

Tom!—The tone, which founded not now the rough guttural note of suspicion, seemed familiar to my ear.—Tom! I traced his features; they had the bronze of hardness, but they retained a symmetry which reminded me of Tom Snell.

I sprung forward to embrace him: he pushed me from him. "Ware timbers, my lad," said he.

- " Tom Snell?" faid I.
- "No matter," interrupted he. "If my colours have betrayed me, I'll not be boarded without a broadfide or two yet."
- "Betrayed, Tom! Dost think Penfon would betray thee?"
- "Penson! What, master Wanley? God forgive me, but I suspect every body. You know my missortune, master Wanley: my life is at stake if I am betrayed."

I took his hands. I know not what I faid; but if it was not something at once affectionate and consolatory, my language did not correspond with my heart.

Thou

Thou mayst, believe, Bountly, our surprise and joy were mutual; and for the first moment I believe our expressions were very incoherent: but we felt each other's sentiments.

We again fat down on the bank; we grew more composed. Enquiry succeeded to exclamation.

Tom began.

"Do you ever visit N—— now, master Penson? Methinks I would fain steal thither undiscovered if I could: once more see it, master Penson, and then leave——"

"No, Tom," interruped I, "no more leaving. Confusion to the villain who once drove thee thence: but the old rascal shall do thee justice; I'll make him, Tom."

Tom stared.

"Nay, do not wonder. I am not that infignificant Penson I was awhile ago; I am now as great a himself."

Thou

Thou canst not think, Bountly, how proud I was at that moment.

"God bless your honour!" cried Tom;
but it must not be: I would not have
you involved in a dispute with him for the
world. He is a devil."

"Never mind.—We will turn exorcists then. Wealth, Tom, capacitates a man for any character."

Tom seemed to muse. At length, "My poor old father, Sir," said he; and looked, Bountly, as though he wished for information, yet dreaded to receive it.

"He is living, Tom, and so is Betsy Freeman too."

Tom blushed:

"God bless her!" said he; "I loved her dearly once, but must not think of that now. Fortune has used me hardly, Sir; but," said he, raising himself with a kind of affected heroism, "I heed it very little: my plan is to make the best of a bad mat-

ter. No use to stand with one's singer in one's eye when the ship is aground: wear is the word, or go to the bottom; and I have no mind to go a sloundering yet, please your honour."

Tom possesses that tight spirit, Bountly, which is generally the happy consequence of an active life. Whatever distress assails him, though he feels its force, yet he seems to play it off, as the vibration of a tight rope plays off the stone that is thrown against it.

The chaife now came up.—The fervant had already opened the door.

"Come, Tom," faid I; "I'll give thee a

"Thank your honour," cried Tom, and made towards the back of the carriage.

"No, Tom; however I may vaunt of wealth, I only esteem it as it enables me to indulge my inclination. The distinction paid to it farther I despise: 'tis not paid

to me; 'tis here, for instance, paid to the carriage I ride in."

Tom still hesitated.

" I'll ride behind, an't please ye."

"Tom," faid I, "on that bank this distinction was not thought of. Don't mortify me with the supposition that thou hast greater respect for this gaudy machine than for thy friend."

Tom stared, but yielded. The servants, I believe, thought me a madman: but shall I sacrifice the pleasures of the heart at the shrine of uninformed opinion? Merit and a threadbare coat are often connected in the same phrase, but seldom in the same idea.

Some miles from London, at the conjunction of the great roads near C—, I observed Captain Brudenell onhorseback. The glasses of our carriage were down. He soon came near enough to know me.

"Yo ho, boy!" cried he as he rode up to

the fide of the chaise; "glad to see thee; gi' me thy fist. What—what (observing Tom)—what, picked up a wreck, ha?"

I told him I had been so lucky as to meet with an old friend whom fortune had used unkindly, and that I was happy to have it in my power to be of service to him.

"Boy o' my heart," said he; "gi' me thy fist, I say. I'll ha' thine too, strait, tarpaulin," continued he to Tom: "but this cursed canting cart where's at such a rate, there's no listening to one's own thoughts. But d'ye hear, lads! let's strike across yonder a bit—there's a comfortable harbour. There we'll mess, d'ye see—then into a boat, and steer for London all together. What d'ye say? ay or no? for I can no longer stand the clatter of this lubber mill."

We agreed.—I discharged the carriage at the place the captain alluded to; and the captain, as well as myself, being eager to hear what had befallen poor Tom (for I Vol. II. Cc soon

foon interested the captain in his favour, by relating the injustice his master, the 'squire, had done him, and which I gave thee a circumstantial account of in my letters from N-)-I fay the captain and myfelf being both eager to know what had befallen Tom during his exile, and particularly what had induced him to venture to return before the term of his banishment was expired, he fatisfied our curiofity, whilst dinner, which the captain had ordered, was getting ready. And I will take an early opportunity, Bountly, to transmit thee the substance of our old school-fellow's narrative; as I am convinced, from thy former regard for him, that his adventures will both amuse and interest thee .- Till 4 DE 58 when,

Farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

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